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This is a monthly series and one of my favorites.

[This is written from two points of view - Italics, belongs to Lord of Castlewood]

Chapter 1

I started my vacation by sitting in my car, for ten minutes, deciding if going away was a good idea. I was reading the map that my best friend, Marnie, had written notations on. Laughing I reached for my cell phone and dialed her telephone number.

“Marnie, what are these notations about some place called Castlewood, then dieting, and then relaxing.” I didn’t get to continue my sentence because she cut in on my conversation.

“Okay, Jessika, remember this is your vacation! – Castlewood is this house that I’ve heard quite a lot about. Supposedly it’s known in the region for its drapes that keep out the daylight. I’ve heard that the house itself is tall, gloomy, and made of stone. Also, I’ve heard that it’s built on the top portion of the cliffs and the only lights ever seen are in the tower portion at night. Is that scary or what? Anyway, the owner is known as Master of Castlewood and seldom leaves the house. I’ve heard he keeps to himself and is quiet, but cordial and well liked. I’m only mentioning this because you may want to check this character out if you get bored. Anyway, get going! Have fun! And, for once in your life try to just have fun and forget work!” With that she hung up.

I’d no idea why the conversation ended like that, or how she’d known so much about such a weird house. More than that I’d no idea that in a few hours I’d agree to stay at Castlewood. Nor could I know that I’d be sleeping there quite safely, after the most sensual experience in my life.

My friend’s directions were now sitting on my passenger seat, while I marked the route. I noted that at a large Victorian house called Castlewood I’d only have 10 more miles to drive to reach my vacation destination. Deciding it was now or never I put the car in gear and headed away from my house and stress! I’d decided for once in my life I’d take a week off from work and the stress of my job as administrator. This was to be my weekend – I almost felt I should have had a T-shirt made saying – Go For It! I started the week prior to my vacation by getting my shoulder length, brown hair, trimmed and a long needed manicure. I also purchased new jeans and sneakers, plus new makeup for what I’d

hoped would be the new me when I returned. All the meetings, rushing, and responsibility had finally taken its toll and I needed to get away - anywhere, just to relax. I'd read at least twenty travel brochures when my friend recommended a quiet fishing port, up the coast from San Francisco.

I, Lord of Castlewood, glanced out the window and up the coast, but then my attention was drawn back to the woman. I had watched her, as she slept for hours, until her eyes fluttered open. Her gaze fell to the tapers around the room, realizing the length of time that had passed. I had covered her with a thick, warm blanket and placed a soft pillow under her head for comfort. I then retired to a chair and watched her sleeping, her body replete with pleasure and exhaustion from our session. As the fire blazed in the stone hearth, I watched her try to move, only to find she was still quite secured to the leather padded table. Looking out of the tower's stained glass windows I recalled that our first meeting started out so oddly, but had seemed destined for her to be mine. I marveled at the thought that it was only hours ago that she had arrived at my home and that had been quite by accident, due to her car.

"SHIT! Not now! Not the car water hose!"

I'd been driving about seven hours and the last thing I'd needed was car trouble. The car water gauge had been climbing steadily into the red zone for the last ten miles. Suddenly, steam was pouring out from under the hood and I swerved to the side of the road. The car came to an abrupt halt! Looking down the dirt road leading to town I outlined my options. This rocky upper road would eventually wind its way down off these cliffs to a small port at the bay, but I doubted I could safely roll the car that far. I noted that the car had broken down below the Victorian house that my friend had referred to as Castlewood. She was correct that the only light seemed to be in the tower.

Impatiently getting out of the car I slammed its blue door and looked at the sky. Dusk and storm clouds were approaching. I kicked the car, swore at its expensive sleek lines and threatened it with a trade in for a GM 4x4. It answered me by spewing forth the last of the water in its radiator. Sighing a few times and swearing many times I looked at my only apparent option and started walking up the path toward Castlewood. The house looming before me didn't have anything in appearance that made me feel welcome. I could make out a tall structure made of stone and as I looked up it seemed to stretch to the sky. I could only see light in the one tower. The lawn had been left to grow wild and the path to the house didn't seem used. My steps slowed as a feeling of apprehension started in the pit of my stomach. Approaching the black iron gates I continued to stare at the seemingly dark and gloomy house.

I watched her staring at her dark and seemingly gloomy surroundings, but there was nothing but shadows from the low candles to see. She started trying to move against the soft cuffs that held her in place, found that she could not move, and she whimpered. At that sound I quickly walked to her and looked into her eyes.

I said in a soothing tone, "I would never leave you alone my pet, you have nothing to fear, as I clearly told you when you agreed to stay here. You, not me, opened the gates to the property."

Opening the black, iron gates to the property was difficult. They seemed rusted on their hinges, but gave way after pressure from my shoulder. The doors to the house loomed larger and larger as I approached them. The doors were solid oak and seemed to go from the ground to at least 15 feet high. At my 5'1 height they were rather intimidating, as I stood there staring up at them. Standing on tiptoes I stretched to reach the old, brass knocker, banging it three times. The door, to my surprise, was quickly opened. My breath left my body, as I looked at the man standing before me, a candle in his hand. I felt myself shudder but was sure he didn't notice. He stood about 6', with short, jet-black hair. He was handsome and dressed in black jeans and a black sweatshirt. It was his piercing hazel eyes that made me stand there motionless, while I continued staring at him.

Staring at me she told me in that soft voice, "Yes, I know it was me that opened the gates and then agreed to stay with you – I'm not scared just slightly confused."

Ignoring her remark I started adjusting the cuffs holding her wrists to the top portion of the X table. I then walked to her ankles and adjusted those cuffs, so they were not so tight. Walking back to her I leaned down kissing her mouth lightly, roaming my tongue over her soft lips and finally taking her mouth in a possessive longing. Her lips softened under mine and opened under my pressure. As I knew she would, she gave her submission immediately, relaxing under my mouth as I kissed her sweet lips. I kissed her longer, deeper, letting our lips show that I was the one in lead.

Then I looked into her eyes, "Say it pet, say the word that started this week."

She gazed into in my eyes, mesmerized, and I recalled the first time I saw her at the door, when she stared at me and shuddered. Yes, I saw every move she made at our first meeting, as well as those she tried to cover.

She looked into my eyes and answered quietly, as I had wished, "Please."

"Please, I need some assistance. My car water hose broke and I'd like to use your phone. I assume this is Castlewood?" I noticed him gazing at me as if looking through me. I didn't know he ignored everything I'd said, only noticing he liked the way I'd said, "Please."

His deep, baritone voice sent shivers through my body when he said, *"There aren't any phones, or electric, I don't have transportation but you are welcome to enter Castlewood."*

He moved aside expecting me to enter.

Taking a step backward I stared at him, as if he told me the sky was green. I stammered, "I'll walk to town. Although, thank you for your courtesy."

His hazel eyes blazed into mine as he said, *"You shouldn't walk – there's about to be a storm!"*

I knew my voice sounded nervous as I replied, "Thank you, Sir, I'll try and reach town before the storm!"

I ran down the path and out of the black iron gates. It was getting darker outside and I'd walked less than a quarter of a mile when it started to thunder. Suddenly I was drenched in a downpour of rain. I fled back to Castlewood. The doors opened immediately for me, and he stood grinning, making a wide sweeping gesture with his arm while stepping aside. Looking into his eyes I cautiously moved past him into Castlewood.

I stuttered from nerves and being chilled, "There's a hell of a storm outside!"

Peering out of the door he chuckled as he said, *"Ahh, so there is. It must be the same storm I mentioned, before you ran down the path to reach town."*

Turning, he walked with self-confident long strides toward another large door and motioned for me to follow. This time I followed!

We walked into a room that appeared to be a library with a large fire burning in an old stone fireplace. He smiled at me as he motioned for me to stay in front of the hearth, then he turned and walked out the doors. I immediately noticed the bookcases at different locations throughout the room. They stretched from the floor to the tall ceiling. Filled with curiosity I walked to the closest bookcase running my hand over volumes of poetry, philosophy and literature. Moving toward the next one I stopped – he'd returned with a large robe and towels.

Grinning at me, he said, *"You may continue dripping water on my carpet - however, my preference is for you not to catch pneumonia, not ruin my imported carpet, and to change into this robe, while your clothes dry."*

He held out the lavender satin robe and matching lavender towels. Reaching for them I held them against me as he turned and walked out of the library calling over his shoulder, *"Good girl, I shall return in a few moments, with hot chocolate for us."*

Looking around I noticed the house was indeed gloomy and built with stonewalls. The furniture was large and a dark wood. The entire library appeared as if it was borrowed out of a gothic museum. Staring at the door I pictured a butler, dressed in black, returning with a silver tray and decanter of brandy. Shaking my head to clear my thoughts I looked up and he was standing there with one eyebrow raised in question.

I stammered, "I'm sorry, I was lost in my thoughts."

His voice was always so gothic sounding as he said, *"Yes, apparently you were, now drink this. I promise it does not contain any wizard's potion mixed in. Actually, it is Nestles hot chocolate, of course with marshmallows."*

The cup he handed me was warm and I smiled at the apparent contradiction of my thoughts. I said, "I really owe you an apology. I imagined brandy, or something exotic - I'm glad it's only hot cocoa!"

He smiled, *"I do not drink alcohol, but I guess most people would have thought that. In my home there is only soft drinks and hot cocoa!"*

Sitting on the couch feeling rather like a lost kitten, I sipped the hot cocoa. I thought to myself that I looked as formal as I could. After all, I was drenched from a storm, in a strange house, and with an odd man handing me a cup of cocoa. I did notice that he had put marshmallows in the hot chocolate and that it was served in Royal Dalton china. Perplexed I stared at this barefoot man wearing black jeans and a black sweatshirt serving me hot cocoa in Royal Dalton fine china.

The large, blazing fire from the hearth relaxed me and I wondered why my first reaction at meeting him had been so strong. Then, he startled me by suddenly saying, *"So, you are on vacation for a week, and this is the first night. Sunday night to be exact, rather an odd way to begin your vacation, do you agree?"*

I laughed nervously, "Yes, between my car and the storm it's been rather strange. Sir, I really appreciate this and hope that I'm not interrupting anything by being here."

He again raised one eyebrow in question, as he seemed to look through me. I wondered at his expression but couldn't know that his mind only registered the way I again said, "Sir."

She once again said to me, "Sir, I need to be here with you." I moved away from the table; however, I returned with what appeared to be a beautiful chain with two clips at either end. I smiled down at her look of complete curiosity and then lower to her breasts. Her breasts needed my attention and I began to lick her nipples...sucking on them. I could so easily get her nipples to peak for me - I continued sucking and licking, until I felt her start to move beneath my lips. I teased her by licking and then stopping. She tried to move closer to my mouth, when she thought that I was going to deprive her of the feelings. I stopped licking and pinching her now swollen nipples. Taking one nipple between my thumb and index finger I pulled it up placing a nipple clip on it.

Pet gasped in surprise, "No!"

"NO, pet? pet, I think yes, and these are only the screw types so the pressure is adjustable. Relax and feel your nipple, there is hardly any pressure on it. Actually they are rather light even for a novice - you shall beg me for the others by the end of the week."

I saw her eyes widen at that thought, but I knew she would want more - she was destined to be mine, in all ways. She was still slightly nervous from agreeing to stay with me. However, I'd move slowly with her training and the trust would build. Swiftly I pulled and pinched her other nipple, clipping it and giving it a quick lick. Now, standing back I stared at her open for me, with her nipples clamped and her thighs held wide. Apprehension was in her eyes but I did so love that look in my pet. She was apprehensive but I could see by her calm breathing that she could feel my protection toward her.

"Remember my oath to you, I shall never harm you, do not look so apprehensive." I chuckled and chucked her under the chin, "But then I do so love that look in your eyes!"

I didn't care for the way he looked through me and I apprehensively said, "Please, I'll return this towel now and I think the rain has stopped. Thanks for the last few hours, while I dried off, but I really must leave for town now."

In silence he turned his back toward me while I dressed. Quickly dressing before I changed my mind I started to walk past him. He turned to me reaching and grasping my hand.

His voice was calm, *“Well then, if this is what you wish it has been my pleasure for you to visit. Since I have not said it prior to now...You are beautiful to me.”*

His warm hand pulled me along to the front door, almost dragging me. I was amazed at how small my hand was in his. Grasping his hand tighter I closed my fingers around his, enjoying the feel of his hand. With each step I felt a sense of loss, but didn't know why. The discussions over the last hours at Castlewood were intriguing and this man with his beautiful smile and odd ways attracted something in me. I moved closer to him, just wanting the contact. His steps slowed, as we approached the front doors. He quickly explained what our week would be like if I decided to stay with him.

His voice was nice and deep, *“You, of course realize that once you agree you shall be here with me for the entire week. Additionally, I promise that you shall have nothing to fear – I shall proceed very slowly, discussing each step prior to a session.”*

I couldn't believe he was talking about this subject of submission so candidly. Of course, I'd heard about such things, fantasized about them, even pretended them on my computer on line, but never imagined I'd meet someone actively a Dom. The front doors were thrown open and I realized it was now or never. I either believed him or didn't! I amazed myself, as every fiber in my being believed him and his oath and I whispered, *“You did give me your oath, right?”*

He again explained to me in his calm voice, *“First, I give you my oath that I will care for you and not harm you in any manner. You, in turn, will give me your word that you will abide by all that I tell you to do. If you feel that you are in serious harm, or afraid, you need only say the word “morning.” Just say that one word and all will stop. I shall never bring you harm but to the edge of such pleasure that you will seek and need more. So make your decision now that the rain has stopped. Know once that it is made it shall be binding upon both of us, for the week.”*

I watched the myriad of expressions play across her face. The small frown her eyebrows made was enchanting. I could smell her lavender perfume drifting from her soft shoulders. I stood waiting for her decision. It had to be her move.

I slowly closed the doors and stepped back into Castlewood. Lord in turn stepped forward. The bolt on the door slammed into place echoing through the halls, sealing out not only the outside world for the next week, but sealing our fate.

I tested the nipple clips by pulling up on them. Her nipples pulled with the direction of the clips. She had such lovely nipples. Nice firm round breasts, mounds of cream-colored flesh till they rose to the beautiful brownish-pink nipples, teasing my senses. Yes, those nipples were now mine and this was only the first night to pleasure myself with them. I moved the long chain upward and bid her take it in her teeth. Next, I told her to slowly move her head in a yes motion and watched as her nipples pulled. Then I bid her shake her head slowly to the sides and enjoyed watching her nipples, as they pulled to each side. I could see that it had just dawned on her why I had clipped her lovely nipples with a long chain being held in her teeth. I moved to the dresser for another toy, keeping it well out of her view. I looked back and watched her eyes once again staring at her clipped nipples.

Walking toward the library I heard him moving in the opposite direction, when he called to me, "Not that way, it is late and we have already discussed so much. We shall go to my favorite room, care to see it?"

I stood there not moving until he came to me, lifted my hands and kissed their palms. He tucked one firmly in the crook of his arm and we left the refuge of the library area. We proceeded to the end of a hall where I could see another staircase approaching. I felt the strength of his hand at the small of my back propelling me forward, even as my mind told me that I was nuts for doing this. But just once, this once, I wanted something more in my life than logic, order and business. I wanted him and the promise of what he had told me about.

I smiled at her habit of watching everything, mentally categorizing things - but for now I wanted her focus not on the surroundings but on my voice and my hands, on her body. I wanted her mind turned off from thinking and her body turned on to feeling.

I quietly, so as not to frighten her, said, "I shall not blindfold you this first time, but I will expect you to keep your eyes closed for me." I could see her eyes widen at the thought of not being able to see.

"Trust! I gave you my oath that I would never hurt you. I will protect you with my own life, if need be, trust me."

She saw the sincerity in my eyes and her eyes closed - but I knew from her body's reactions that she was quite nervous. I stepped back and watched her breathing faster, from not having the control of sight. Speaking to her quietly I stroked her body, "Trust me, I gave you my oath. I would never hurt you. I will never hurt you in any way!" Reassuring her over and over with my hands gently stroking, her breathing became slow and relaxed. It was time to begin.

It was time to begin climbing this second set of stairs to one of the towers. I stood at the bottom stair, my hand still in the crook of Lord's arm hesitating until his voice calmed me.

"Jessika, there is nothing that will harm you."

We proceeded up to the tower. Standing at that final tower door, I thought for a moment about what I was about to do, but then looked up at him and smiled. He swung the door open and looked at me to make the first move to enter. I stepped over into a world I had wanted for so long, but had never realized how much I needed it.

My hands moved over her body from her beautiful cuffed wrists down to her delicate cuffed ankles. Again and again I stroked over her breasts, stomach, and inner thighs until her breathing matched my slow strokes - my hands owned her body.

"Pull the chain, pet."

She would pull the chain slowly for me, and each time my hands made a pass over her body I again bid her to pull the chain. Each time she would pull it and each time her need would build. I stroked her soft inner thighs and could see the moisture glistening on her soft pubic hair. She was so wet, so in need and so ready for her next toy.

She jumped at the sound of the low buzzing. "Calm down now pet and just listen to the sound. Feel my hands caressing you. Tonight will be for your pleasure, you will learn a few positions tomorrow, but for tonight you shall enjoy my tower chamber."

Moving in to the room it seemed like a tower chamber, of some sort. He brought me to the center of the room and removed my robe. I stood naked, vulnerable and tried to snatch it back.

My voice trembled and I sounded very insecure, "We can do this, but I'll wear the robe, okay?"

He smiled and answered, not by handing me the robe, but by wrapping his arms around me and pulling me to his body. We stayed like this without speaking. He cradled my face to his chest while his other hand stroked up and down my back. My body soon relaxed and my thoughts of being naked before him vanished.

Holding me at arm's length he whispered, *"You are perfect. You are fine the way you are. From this moment on in life it only matters what I think of you - and I think you're beautiful."*

And with that he threw the robe across the room toward a chair. My nipples hardened, but I wasn't sure if it was from the chilled air or looking at the table he was leading me to. It was the shape of an "X" with cuffs at the top of each end of the "X" and at the lower legs of the "X." There seemed to be a strap around its center as well. The walls seemed to have various chains and latches hanging on them but I couldn't make them out. I think I was rather glad I couldn't see that far.

Feeling a fit of nerves coming over me, I wanted to run and stammered, "You did say if I said the word, morning, this would all end right away, correct?"

He laughed and said, *"Yes pet, I will end it right away, as soon as you even say the first syllable! You are always safe, but I do not really think we shall hear, or see, morning until it naturally occurs."*

Looking around this room I whispered, "I hope not, but I think you might hear it in about ten minutes." Sitting upon the table, as he told me to, I tried to relax. I never was one to relax, even under the best of circumstances, and this was strange to me. He surprised me by sitting next to me on the table. Sitting, he stroked my arm as he spoke in a low voice about the room.

His voice was soothing as he explained, *"I created this room only a few months ago and it is one of my favorites. You cannot see it very clearly because of the shadows. Over there in that area are some nice chains on the walls – and, of course, here is this comfortable table. But, do not let these surroundings make you nervous pet. All you shall do tonight is lie here and feel sensations of pleasure. Now, let us continue."*

Slowly he stood up, pushing me slowly down on my back while continuing to chat with me as if this was all natural.

"There, good girl, just relax and stay still for me. I have been quite fascinated with you since the moment you appeared at my doorstep. I felt the common bond between us immediately. Although it

did take you a few hours to feel the same bond as I did. Now let us get you comfortable and get your arms and legs in position.”

Eventually he pulled my arms and legs to match the "X", securing them. My waist was strapped to the middle. I wasn't uncomfortable, as the table was quite padded and warmed from the fire. I could feel my body starting to relax, anticipation starting to build. I needed to hear his voice and feel his hands against me - reassuring me, touching me. He showed me the blindfold but then told me to just close my eyes. After a few moments of fear from not seeing, the sound of his voice and feel of his hands comforted me. I slowly slipped into feelings of pure sensations. They began to wash over me, as I drifted into a world of feeling and over to his possession.

She was so open and wet as I neared her. I had chosen a small vibrator for her first time with me, but one that I felt she could take in length and thickness. It was vibrating on low, while I ran it over her thighs, preparing her in thought for where I wanted it. Closer now, I ran it up over her pretty pussy lips, while they tried to protect her from my final journey. She began to move but was strapped nice and secure in place, where she could only feel what I would allow her. I could see her lick her lips at the sensations she was feeling and could feel her rising passion, as she tried to move.

"No, pet, I will tell you when you can have it, this is not for you to decide, only for you to feel and listen.”

I continued this slow motion around her pussy and each time she was sure I would give her what she wanted I would slide it away from her. She was openly dripping now and automatically pulling harder on her nipples with the chain. Her body had a nice sheen of perspiration on it and her clit was nice and swollen. Once again I brought the vibrator to her opening and this time she did not demand it - but whimpered her need. Then, and only then, did I allow it to slide into her pussy. Her surprised intake of breath and moan of extreme satisfaction was what I wanted to hear.

"Does it feel good now? Waiting was such a pleasure, is this correct?"

She answered in a moan, “Yes, I think, I'm not sure, but please don't stop, Lord.”

I began to slowly move it in her, while my fingers played and pinched her swollen clit. She was breathing harder and her body ached for release from such a long time of playing. Just as she was about to reach orgasm I pulled it out. I watched - I waited - allowing her to almost peak.

Each time that I withdrew the vibrator the intensity grew, as the need became more and more demanding on her body.

"Ask me for permission to have it in you!"

She whimpered, "Please Sir, I've never felt like this, I need this."

I allowed her to have the vibrator filling her where she felt empty and in need. Again and again I pushed it inside her, sliding it, moving it, fucking her with it as it vibrated through her pussy and body. I could see her stomach muscles starting to tighten and I watched as her hands clenched in fists - she pulled the chain and her nipples pulled tight.

"Tell me pet, do you need it, do you want it, is it now an all consuming fire in your body to come for only me?"

Her nipples pulled with her shaking her head and she moaned and whimpered in need, "Yes, please, Sir, please."

Although she could not see me, I smiled my pleasure at her need and tone. Yes, it was time to bring my pet to pleasure. I bent forward to lick and bite her clit, while turning the vibrator one more turn up to high. She moaned and her body started its spiral to the edge, while I pumped it in and out faster, harder.

Finally I could see and feel she needed to fly free, "NOW, come for me!"

"YES, NOW LORD!" Her body clenched and she whimpered, while waves of pleasure and her release from earth's bounds washed over her.

She moaned - I sucked her clit harder, replacing the vibrator with two fingers...her pussy clenched on them, over and over. She was spiraling outside her body in a realm of pure pleasure.

It was now that time for me to bring her slowly back from the world of pure sensation. Slowly I slid my fingers from inside her and removed the chain from her teeth. Continuing to kiss her gently, while continuing to stroke her body. I knew she was still quite dazed and that she did not know what to do next.

"Shh, my pet, just rest a moment, I shall wash you - you may open your eyes, but do not speak yet - rest."

Smiling my pleasure at her she smiled back with a glazed look of passion still in her eyes. Before I had finished washing her with the soft, warm, cloth, she was drifting to sleep and I covered her, I would allow her to sleep while I made plans for Monday night; after all, this was my pet's vacation.

Waking up I thought moments had passed, until I looked at the candles. Fear chilled my body at the thought I was alone, but then he came to me - it seemed he appeared out of the stone walls, calming me once again.

He looked at me and smiled, "Morning?"

I didn't want it to stop, I wasn't afraid anymore of him and my mind and body never felt such freedom and I stammered, "No, it's okay, I didn't say the safe word morning, I'm not afraid!"

Disoriented from waking I wanted him to understand that I didn't mean it, if I'd accidentally said the word. Smoothing my hair and stroking my face he moved to remove the cuffs then massaged my wrists, arms, legs and ankles. He helped me put on his bathrobe and stepped aside pointing to the stained glass windows - I then realized he was only telling me that it was actually morning.

He smiled when he saw me relaxing, since I realized he wasn't telling me to leave. Holding out his hand, palm up, I didn't hesitate reaching for it. We walked from the tower to the lower floor.

Monday with my Lord had arrived.

CHAPTER 2

Although it was summer, the house remained cool from the stone walls and the lack of sunlight allowed in. Leaving the tower we entered his bedroom, where I was surprised to see modern looking surroundings. The furniture, as opposed to the dark oak Victorian library, was a beautiful mahogany. At one end of the bedroom stood a massive bed with two night tables and a reading lamp.

"I thought there's no electricity, but you have a lamp?" I tried sounding nonchalant.

Looking directly into my eyes he said in a low voice, "If you look closely pet you will see it is battery powered – I do not lie."

Feeling guilty at the accusing tone that I'd used, I turned and surveyed the other end of the room. I studied a large desk next to the window strewn full of books and papers. In the middle of the room I could see a round table with a platter of fruits, cheeses, nuts and crackers, and two glasses of ice water. I don't know how he moved so quietly, but when I turned I found him sitting up in the bed. He was relaxed, smiling at me and watching me with those piercing hazel eyes of his. I had been so busy studying his room that I didn't notice he had undressed and moved to the bed. He just sat there with his closed expression, studying me.

I watched her walk around my bedroom, touching this and that. She seemed so enthralled by each item, no-matter how simple the item was. Perhaps it was the sun filtering in through the upper stained glass windows, throwing rainbow colors over her but she looked ethereal to me, as she moved about my master bedroom.

"pet, enough now, bring the platter over here."

I knew she would retrieve the platter and come to me. After she placed the platter on the night table she sat on the edge of the bed. Opening my arms to her, she came to me and I enfolded her against me, pulling her down onto the bed. I held her head between my hands looking deeply into her eyes and saw my reflection, her owner. This time I kissed her lips gently and she gave to me so easily now. I wanted to continue kissing her but had things planned for later and now had to take time to feed my pet as well as have some sustenance myself.

Retrieving the platter I brought it to him. He took the platter placing it on the night table and dragged me across his body, for a passionate kiss. After kissing, we proceeded to quietly talk about our previous session.

"pet, That is what I shall call you for the next few days and you shall call me Sir, did you find the tower pleasurable?"

Blushing, I could feel my face turning hot. I tried thinking how to justify that I had been bound, out of control with my eyes closed, pleasurable. Having no previous experience how to explain these odd sensations I just stuttered using the formal tone when I'm uncomfortable, "I was rather surprised - but yes, it was quite an experience!"

I strongly felt it, but couldn't bring myself to explain that it was the most sensual experience I'd ever had in my entire life. Not that I hadn't dated and made love quite passionately, but there was making love and then there was this!

He chuckled, "Well pet, I can see you are quite dealing with this, as a work project, so we shall eat for a bit and then you can explain to me what type of experience."

Reaching for a piece of melon he turned and offered it to me. Biting into the cool, wet melon the juice dripped onto my chin and he licked it off. I'd never had that done and thought I would die telling my best friend about this experience, but she'd never believe this whole vacation anyway. I wanted to feed him a piece of fruit but each time he took it from my hand and fed himself. Finally, I realized that for some reason I wasn't to do that.

"pet, hand me the glass of water, please."

"Here, Sir, it's nice and cold with ice." Looking at me and with a grin that I can only describe as quite wicked, he took the ice and replaced the glass on the table.

Before she knew what I wanted I opened her robe and lightly rubbed the ice over the tips of her beautiful nipples. Her immediate sigh and low moans sounded like music to me. Reclining on the soft pillows she looked up at me, as I moved the ice in tune with her body. Taking the ice almost away from her body, her back would arch following it. When it ground deep upon her breast, she would lower into the soft mattress, as if trying to flee the cold coursing through her nipples. I watched her nipples redden, from my ministrations tuned to her body's needs and desires. She went to reach her arms around my neck.

"No, pet, place them under your head."

I did not want any distractions from playing her body like a finely tuned instrument. Moving a new ice cube down her belly, leaving a trail of ice water, I proceeded to lick the droplets off her body.

The ice moved lower to her beautiful mound of pubic hair, so soft that I sifted my long fingers through them - the ice trailed over them. She shuddered from the cold and small goose bumps appeared on her thighs, but I kept the covers away from her hands.

“No, pet, learn the pleasure of cold and heat, your body soon will overcome the cold and burn with passion.”

The ice, now rubbing cold sensations on her clit, and my tongue dancing over her hot opening, made her body move and grind on my tongue seeking the warmth of my mouth. I had her thighs spread over my shoulders and delved my tongue into her sweetness tasting her essence. The ice was dripping down her pussy and my tongue was cold, as it moved in and out of her heat. Her body again drifted to me - I controlled her movements and heated passions.

Pulling away for a moment, I told her, “pet, tell me when you wish to come for me, I shall pull you to me.”

I moved back to the core of her heat and licked and bit at her, until she began to moan and grind against me.

Her voice said in that whisper I’d come to know and need to hear, “Please, now, now, let me come please, Lord.”

She was not prepared for the heat I unleashed on her body - I drove my tongue deeper into her channel, pulling her hips against my face in a fury of sucking and piercing motions - owning her with my tongue. On and on, until I felt her spiraling out of control and I felt her heat. Driving two fingers in her depths, I sucked her clit in a final barrage on her senses. Her hands came from in back of her head to hold my face against her needing body where she wanted my tongue to possess her. She screamed by name and whimpered, from the strength of her orgasm washing over her body. She fell back and I slid my tongue lightly over her, again and again, before finally stopping this session. She was looking down at me.

I grinned up at her from between her thighs, “Ah my pet, better than any of the fruit on the platter, you do agree?”

pet fell back on the fluffy pillows, once again exhausted. I moved back up next to her pulling the covers over us and we slept.

Waking to find him still sleeping gave me time to think on the past day and to study his features as he slept. Such an odd man he seemed, yet he was the most intelligent man I’ve spoken with in quite awhile. There was so much to learn about him but then I questioned myself why I wanted to. In a few days I’d be leaving for home and with quite a tale to tell my best friend. This was not exactly

something you write on a postcard such as, “Dear Marnie, Having a wonderful time being tied to posts - glad you’re not here, we seem to have only one set of cuffs. Love and see you soon.” I started to think that perhaps this was enough and I should really get my car and get to town. Quietly creeping out of bed I stood by the window peering out at the landscape. I could see the road from here and looked for my car, since the window was facing the road where I’d left it. It was missing!

I was startled when I heard his deep voice, “*pet, why are you out of bed?*”

Turning, I smiled at him, “Oh, I didn't realize you were awake!”

He had that intense look and his voice grew lower, “That is quite okay, you actually do not realize quite a bit yet, but in time you will.”

I just looked at him, as it seemed there was another cryptic message somewhere hidden in there. I ignored his remark since my car was my main concern now and this vacation had to have some reality in it. I felt rather vexed at him. He probably didn't own a car, much less a cellular phone so why would he care that mine was stolen during the night. I turned back to the window as I thought Ugh! This is what I get for meeting up and being attracted to a weirdo – sometimes I’m such a dolt!

Thinking to myself it's time to meet this situation head on I turned and said, “I don’t mean to push the issue, Sir, but my car, that broke down in front of your house last night, seems to have been stolen.” I immediately recognized the same grin he had when told me it was indeed raining. I waited for the news that I knew he was about to tell me.

He smiled, then simply stated, “Ah yes, the car with the broken water hose soon to be replaced, uh, with a new truck. That car is safe and sound in the garage on the back portion of the grounds.”

“And Sir, just how did it find its way there?”

“Why tow truck, of course, my pet - Wait pet, let me guess - now you are going to ask, whose tow truck?”

I was actually going to ask that exact question but instead smiled relieved my car was safe. I didn't even give the car a passing thought for the rest of the day and as night fell my mind was only on my next session with Lord.

CHAPTER 3

Tonight had arrived and I handed pet an ivory, floor-length nightgown of the sheerest material. She slid it over her head, while I dressed in only tight black leather pants. Tonight we walked hand in hand toward the staircase.

“No pet, not up the stairs, this time we shall go to the lower floor.”

Since I carried the larger candle to her smaller one, encased in glass, I proceeded to lead. She held on to the back of my robe.

“pet, I think perhaps you should hold the hand rail instead, okay?”

She didn't answer but I felt her hand lower off my robe and I caught a glimpse of her white knuckles clenching the rail. My pet was once again apprehensive about what was to come, as well she should be as her small voice quietly said, “Yes, Sir.”

I said, “Yes Sir, I’m holding the banister!”

We journeyed down the staircase. I was barefoot and the cold stone stung my feet - but I followed him. It was not a long descent but then we continued following a long hall. There were no windows in this section and I assumed we were below ground. At night it was hard to tell just exactly where one was in the house with its many oddly placed hallways and staircases. Sometimes it seemed as if the architect started a staircase and then said, nope! Wrong direction and left them off leading to a wall to nowhere. I did wish to return to the tower, where I already knew what was going to happen - yet we were descending down stairs to I knew not where.

The direction I knew pet was thinking we were heading for was a dungeon of some type - I could see the look in her eyes, as she peered down the stone staircase. I did not inform pet that I had only built this a few years prior, just for fun and it only went to my study. I did so love that look in her eyes!

“It may be rather dusty since no one has visited this room in many years but it has such an array of chains and gadgets.” I grinned saying this.

I heard a small voice say, “Oh.”

I repeated to her, “Remember my oath to you pet?”

I heard a small voice say, “Yes, Lord.”

I chuckled as we continued down the stairs. Opening the door I stepped back but she said “No, you first.”

“NO! WHO?” I gripped her arm and propelled her in to the room as she said, “Sir!”

Once inside I slammed the door shut, put the candle in the holder and proceeded to light the fireplace. pet, stood in the middle of the room visibly shaken but saying nothing. I was displeased with this lack of trust being displayed, but did not raise my voice, only keeping it gruff and stern. The light from the fireplace showed off the tall bookcases, my writing desk and various books I had chosen to keep here.

I now smiled, to quiet her and said soothingly, “Pet come here now and kneel before the fire.”

Her immediate “Yes, Sir” and moving to me were at least an improvement over our journey down the stairs. I stood in front of her so my leather-clad legs were near her face. I spread my legs and the fireplace threw a golden glow about me. Reaching down I gently grabbed her chin turning her face up to me, “Tonight you will learn obedience, is that not clear?”

I heard a small voice say “Yes, Sir.”

I demanded of her, “No, pet, louder and with trust - I gave you my oath, I shall not repeat it.”

She looked up and this time in the tone I knew she should be using after last night, she said clearly, “Yes, Sir.”

“Know what to expect my pet?”

“No, Sir.”

I bid her, “Stay kneeling like this for a moment.”

Walking to my desk, I opened the lower right hand drawer, where I kept some of the items I was looking for. Returning with the first of the items I wished to use, I held up a small one-inch

wide black collar with a small silver chain around its middle. I knelt in front of her and looked into her eyes.

In a clear, slow tone I told her, “This collar shall bind you to me, is that understood? – you shall henceforth belong to me – collared by me – collared for me – collared unto only me.”

I saw pleasure light her eyes as she said, “Yes, Lord, I understand – only to you.”

I understood that this collar made me feel wanted by him. A sense of belonging to this man came over me. I felt the collar fit my neck, snug, secure and I felt it proved I was taken as his choice to protect. I felt shame and guilt at my first step across the threshold in to this room. My view when the door opened had been to a study and I was expecting a dungeon of sorts. I'd been surprised by the force that he had gripped my arm with, dragging me into the room. I could see in his eyes I displeased him, yet his voice was comforting and reassuring, as was his touch once I was kneeling in front of him.

I was staring at his bulge in those leather pants and with the scent of the leather I had that feeling start again in the pit of my stomach. I recognized it this time - the feeling of want. I wanted him. I wanted when he touched me like no man had ever done before. I wanted to feel the need to give to him, to be what he wanted. I saw the collar as if in slow motion moving toward my neck...heard his words of possession and felt I wanted to be his with every fiber in my body. It felt so soft being placed on my neck. I could feel the leather sliding into the hook, then the latch going through the hole and the collar snugly settled where it belonged. Yes, I did belong here with Lord.

I smiled at her name for me and thought that Sir, or Master, more befitting -but she had me named as Lord and her tone was that which I enjoyed hearing. Reaching around my pet, I placed the collar on her neck and sat back to look at her. So lovely my pet in her ivory, satin gown with my collar on her neck. I wanted more. I knelt in front of her and proceeded to place fur lined wrist cuffs on her delicate wrists, all the time looking into her eyes – watching, waiting for any reaction of the negative.

“Pet, tonight our safe word is tower, is that understood?”

“Yes, Lord, it's tower.”

I bent her arms at the elbows securing the wrist rings to the rings on either side of her collar. Helping her stand I brought her to a straight back chair in front of my desk and helped her sit in it. I lifted the gown up around her waist before proceeding to take a thin cord and tie one

delicate ankle to each leg of the chair. Then, a thin spreader bar was placed between her beautiful white thighs, so she was open to my view.

I was now spread open for his view and was quite amazed at how I had followed his directions walking to the chair he directed me to. It felt odd to walk without the use of my arms and I was afraid I would trip but he was close by and I knew he would keep me safe. I sat in chair and watched as my ankles were secured to each leg. I looked down at them being secured and the oddest feeling began to slide over me watching them being strapped open...apart. I didn't know what the metal bar was that he had just taken off the wall - he started to walk toward me watching my every glance at the bar. He placed one strap around my thigh and moved the bar into place between them - I was not prepared for him shoving my other thigh outward and placing the other cuff around my other thigh, so the bar was secured holding my thighs spread wide open. I was embarrassed as he stood there staring at my spread open thighs. I tried to close them but of course the bar was placed just for that purpose. I couldn't close myself to his view of my pussy.

She was spread open to me and I took a belt about 2” wide strapping it around her waist and through the rungs on the chair. I gently secured her to the back of the chair causing her to sit quite straight. I slid the beautiful satin gown further up her lush body. She was a beauty to me sitting there with satin on top and her woman’s flesh exposed to me, from the waist down. I returned to the other side of my desk and began to write – but first said, “pet, you shall sit and be quiet. I have to finish some writing but you may tell me how your nipples and pussy feel for me, can you do that?” It was quiet for quite a while until I heard pet clear her throat a few times. I looked up at her and in a harsher tone, “pet, I have requested you to tell me of your nipples and pussy, is there some type of problem?”

I heard pet barely whisper, “Lord, my nipples are getting hard and there’s a cool breeze on my pussy, I find speaking these thoughts difficult, I’m sorry Lord, it isn’t that I don’t want to please you.”

I could see the points of her nipples through her satin gown. I knew by the end of the week that she would tell me anything I wished. “Do they need to be touched by me, pet?”

“Yes please, Lord.”

I saw them getting harder, but with her wrists attached to the rings at her neck, she couldn’t do more than squirm a few inches on the wood chair. Returning to my writing I watched as her need for my attention grew. Her body began to need the release that only I could give to her.

After a length of time my pet cleared her voice and whispered, “Lord, please can we speak or something.”

I smiled, pleased, and replied, “Ah, yes pet, it is time for the something!” I opened the lower right hand drawer to my desk once again.

One more item was needed for my pet for tonight. I took out a small butterfly looking object and walked back over to my pet. I smiled, as she watched my every move, with a concerned, yet passionate glaze to her eyes. It was time to prepare her and I knelt between her thighs, leaning forward to lick her nipples. They puckered and hardened for me at my touch. I sucked her nipples till they reddened and her moans were nice and needy for me. Looking down at her lush private place, she was wet and squirming on the chair - trying to get me to touch that part of her that she needed touched. I continued to suck her nipples, biting them hard enough to cause her to moan in pleasure. I watched as she became wet, needy and still I continued the constant biting and nipping on each nipple. She could not lean forward and kiss me - she could not move, except to feel what I was doing to her nipples. They were quite swollen now from my nibbling and kissing them. I flicked them harder. Reaching around her hips I slid the black, thin belt under each thigh, so it fit around her inner thighs, high and across her clit. She was staring down watching my hands, as I placed the small butterfly object on the inside of the strap against her pussy lips. Gently opening her pussy lips wide apart, I placed the middle of the butterfly directly against her clit - making sure it fit tightly against her clitoris. Satisfied with my work, I returned to the other side of my desk leaving her with her swollen nipples and beautiful jeweled clit.

How pretty she looked with the butterfly against her clit. I could see the question in her eyes as she looked from me to the butterfly placed against her clit. I picked up a small box on my desk and in the next instant she jerked against her straps, as low vibrations started through her clit from the well-placed vibrator. She looked up at me, but I had returned to my writing.

“Your instruction for tonight pet is to come, again and again for me. I will write and you will tell me of it – will you do that for me, my pet?”

She didn't answer right away but I knew in a moment she would be moaning for it more than even she knew.

I always seemed to need more of this man. Now knowing what a spreader bar was I stared at it, while my mind tried to fathom what the rest of this night would be like. It seemed I was to just be strapped

here, quietly waiting while he worked at his desk. I thought this rather odd but figured this must be some of the discipline I had heard about. It did give me an opportunity to study his face while he concentrated on what he was writing. I tried to figure out what he may be writing, but my nipples were now hard and I could feel a breeze blowing on my body. It felt so good to be touched even if just by a breeze. Closing my eyes I felt the breeze touching my nipples and my body, wrapping me in a cool feeling of sensations. It felt like the breeze was making love to my nipples and pussy. Opening my eyes I was surprised to find Lord kneeling between my thighs, watching my expression.

I stammered, “Uh, the breeze felt good against my skin, I didn't hear you move.”

He smiled a knowing smile, “Yes, pet, I could see that the breeze was touching and caressing you, where I should be caressing you – I'm jealous.”

I finally felt my nipples spring to life under his lips. Oh, it felt so good to finally be touched by him. Every nerve ending in my body seemed to be waiting for this moment of touch. A soft a moan escaped my lips at the satisfaction I felt when his hands touched my flesh. I needed so much more - I needed his fingers lower. Trying to move, I tried to show him my need was lower than my nipples. My nipples were now on fire from his constant sucking at them. I felt his teeth taking the tip between them and apply more and more pressure, pulling the nipples - I thought my nerve endings would explode in my body. I moaned and whimpered from the intense feelings. I was watching my nipples, swollen and red, when Lord started strapping something around my hips and under my thighs to my clit. I just watched in fascination, as his fingers moved about my body - lifting here and there, until I had this small plastic object quite tight against my clit. I thought that now he would lick me, but he left and went back to his desk. I sat and watched, in need of feeling him - I wanted this! This is why I stayed and now he was just writing again! I saw him reach for a small box - in the next instant my body exploded in sensations, centered on that small object now owning my clit. I looked up and each time I met his eyes he would turn the vibrator on, and if I looked away he would turn it off.

Off now, and then on – yes, I did love the learning that was taking place. With not a word spoken between us pet was learning what to do and how to receive pleasure if she wanted it from me. From the look in her eyes I could see the deep need that I wished to see in them. I turned back to writing but very aware of her every mood, nuance and whimper. I left the clitoral vibrator on low just to keep her aware of its presence.

Finally, pet cleared her throat and said, “Lord, my body seems to be tingling.”

Looking up at her questioning eyes, I said, “Yes, pet, that it will do and more.”

Looking back down at my writing I turned the vibrator up to a nice medium buzzing sound - she moaned and looked down at her clit being teased and owned. I watched her. She looked so mesmerized, as her body took control of her mind and gave itself over to my safe keeping. Her moans and whimpers were coming more often, and while I paid attention to my writing I could hear her breathing becoming deep and raspy.

“Pet, you wish something of me?”

Her eyes told the story as they burned deeply into mine. I nodded my head and turned the vibrator to where it danced and sent vibrations racing through pet’s clit.

I watched her eyes and said, “Tell me my precious pet what is happening to you?”

She cleared her throat twice but then whispered, “Lord, please, I feel my nipples on fire, and my clit is swelling on this thing and it hurts.”

I chuckled at her use of the wording “this thing” and was sure it was not hurting but pet had a long way to go in her descriptions. “If it hurts, shall I just turn it off?”

Her immediate plea, “No!” made me quite sure hurt was not the description my pet was looking for.

“I think the words you want are as follows - now listen to me for I want you to know it’s okay for all to be said between us. I can see your nipples, needing me to suck on them more and more. I can see your nipples hard and needy. I can see that pink, moist pussy of yours wanting to drip for me - Right pet? Your pussy wants to drip for me and come?”

Her eyes were staring into mine as she rasped, “Yes, Lord I want to drip for you and come for you.”

“Good Girl, you are my very good girl telling me that – Now pet, do your nipples ache for me?” As I asked her this I turned the vibrator on high and walked around the desk sitting on the end, directly in front of her.

She looked up and I could see her need as her voice and body made her plead, “Lord, my nipples are yours to suck – you own them Lord and me. My clit is yours and I'll come only for you, I'm so on fire for you, my body is burning for you!”

She ended this on a whimper as the sensations building in her clit began to make her squirm in the chair - Reaching down to her heat, I slid two fingers into her.

“Now my precious one, come for me, let your needing body give me your nectar flowing over my fingers.”

She looked into my eyes and spun out of control, as her body began to release the pent-up need. Throwing her head back, wave after wave of orgasm drove her body on until I knew she was mine! Finally, turning the vibrator down and then off, I left her sitting there with her head bent back - her eyes closed. It was to be the first of many orgasms my pet would feel tonight.

CHAPTER 4

Tonight, watching his eyes I could tell when I had pleased him by his slight smile or the odd way he slightly nodded his head and said, “Yes, my pet, good girl.” I don't know why that simple statement meant so much to me. He didn't use it the other night in the tower or maybe then I didn't make him feel that way. All I know is that it made me feel as if I had won a prize.

I hadn't been uncomfortable with that little thing strapped to my clit and noticed he turned it on and off depending on how I reacted. I had thought this was all for his pleasure but it seemed it was rather for mine - or from mine he derived his.

I couldn't think with that vibration running through me. The main focal point of intensity concentrated on my clit. Looking down at my body I could see my nipples hard and my pussy moist and needy, without him even touching me. I would look into his eyes and then need to feel my body being touched by him - by anything of his, as long as it somehow connected me to him. I needed more! I had to have more! I had never told someone what I needed but now I needed to tell him how much I was his, how my nipples were his and my pussy was his. I needed. I was so full of sensations, of pain and pleasure, that when he finally turned it on high I felt almost faint.

Still, I needed more - then he had come to me just when I thought I couldn't take anymore. He drove his fingers inside my heat, telling me I was his good girl and could come for him, to him. My body

exploded in orgasm and I felt like I had passed out for a few moments. The buzzing had stopped and I felt the cool breeze kissing my skin and caressing the heat from me. Finally, looking into his eyes I knew this was only the beginning. We looked deeply into each other's eyes and smiled.

I watched her drifting in her release and studied her flushed-face - her eyes closed. Her breathing was now slowing down to normal. I waited for her senses to come back to her and to me. Changing my position from kneeling I now sat cross-legged on the floor in front of the chair. Slowly I removed the butterfly from its dainty home and removed the spreader bar as well. Removing the waist strap that held her to the rungs of the chair I slid her to the end of the seat. Grabbing her by the hips I brought her to my waiting mouth.

I heard her intake of breath and throaty, "No, Lord, I don't think I can come again."

"Yes, my precious you can!" I felt her trying to scoot back in the chair but I held her quite still. She was already so nice and wet for my tongue. Liquid honey - mine to taste. Taking my time I slid my tongue gently over her sensitive clit, careful not to apply pressure too soon.

Like a butterfly gently landing, my tongue touched her sensitive area again and again. Her taste was so beautiful that it made my head reel. I was hard pressed not to just pull her hard against my mouth and drink her essence. I looked up to see her staring at me, with glazed eyes, but with a look of such passion that smiling I went back to my task.

Gently taking my fingers I opened her to me, spreading her delicate private lips wider, to begin my ritual of licking and worshiping her body. My tongue now began its own course of action, tracing her up and down, long slow strokes savoring every taste of her. Closing my eyes her female scent intoxicated my senses as no other woman had done before her. I could feel myself drifting and the more I tasted her flesh the more I needed to quench my thirst with her essence. My tongue delved into her body - her soft, feminine moaning drove my senses to the brink. Driving my tongue inside her, over and over, I again pulled her to my lips, owning her flesh. Finally, I felt her hips moving with the rhythm of my tongue. Escalating our movements I felt her again fly to me, crying and whimpering my name, as I held her tightly to my mouth drinking of her, again and again. Her body trembled against my mouth. Pulling away from her heat I was not sure whose eyes were more glazed with passion, as we gazed at each other. I wanted her again!

Again, I couldn't believe I had come for this man, much less voiced my need for him. When he tells me I'm his good girl, my body and mind fly to him in need. I was sitting strapped to a chair, with this

man between my thighs, needing what he was doing more than I have needed anything. I watched as his tongue flicked about my body, holding me to his mouth - delving into me as if it was his due in life. I felt the cool air touching my clit, as the butterfly was removed. My clit was still sensitive. It was still tingling and I could feel little spasms coursing through it. He played my body like a violin, with his tongue sliding so sweetly over me. I didn't know if I wished to try and slide away or closer to his velvet tongue.

I wanted to reach out running my hands through his hair but couldn't with my wrists cuffed to my collar. I was open to him and his ministrations. He was right that I burned for him and needed to feel his tongue pressing on my clit - owning me again and again, as only Lord was able to do. I was shaking in need for him and I again gave to him that which he wanted. He licked at my body like a man in need to quench his thirst and I was the only one that could give it to him. He looked up and it was a strange look in his eyes. A look of quenched thirst but a burning passion that I've never seen in the eyes of any man. But Lord wasn't just any man – he was so full of passion that his hands shook when they touched my flesh!

I did not know if she noticed that my hands shook while I gently undid her leg cuffs and helped her stand. I ran my fingers over the collar I had bestowed upon her and removed her wrists chained to it. She actually looked slightly disappointed and I chuckled. "Do not look so sad my pet, there is plenty more for you to learn and an eternity for you to learn it."

I then looked deeply into her eyes as I adjusted my collar on her neck to show her where it belonged. She was mine! I wanted her! Now, I needed her! Reaching over to my desk I grabbed the leash, which I quickly attached to the collar. I noticed her eyes watching me with the leash, as I slowly walked backwards. The leash began to gently pull at the collar drawing her forward. I knew she did not quite understand the leash and she stared at it as she followed me - it seemed to fascinate her. Her eyes slowly went from the leash to where I held it in my hand - I started to slowly wind it around my hand bringing her closer each time. She was brought up against my body and I kissed her passionately. She melted against me but I pushed her backward, away from my body. I was burning with desire for her! I pulled the nightgown from her body and stepped back, stripping off my leather pants. It took but a moment to stand before her naked and she could tell by my wide legged stance and erect cock that I was ready - she would give to me what I demanded.

"Kneel!"

One strong word was all I spoke and it came out deep and gravelly, although I tried to keep the tone even. She looked at me and kneeled.

“On all fours pet, facing away from me.”

She turned her body away from me, now kneeling on all fours as instructed. I stared at her lush bottom and felt my groin suddenly scream for possession and release into her pussy. I grabbed her hips roughly and without any hesitation sunk deep into her depths, full force, to the base of my cock. She gasped at the length and girth of me stretching her and tried to pull forward off my cock. I held her fast.

My voice was loud yet deep as I demanded and stated to the world, “MINE!”

I pushed her shoulders down and drove in her warmth over and over. The more she whimpered the harder I thrust into her. The more she tried to pull away the more I impaled her with ownership.

"MINE!" in and out deeper...."MINE!" over and over.

She finally whimpered, “Yours.”

Plunging on in a frenzy of need to possess I claimed this woman as mine - till I could feel my thighs start to tingle and my muscles bunch. As the velvet walls of her inside channel started to clamp onto me I felt myself give and start to fill her being with my hot seed. Bending forward I lightly bit her on the back of the neck, riding her deeply. I felt myself spilling into her body over and over, until replete in giving her all that was in me. She did not move and I started to lick where I had bitten her, kissing and nuzzling the back of her neck, till she stirred beneath me. Finally, pulling out of her delicate body I helped her stand. The hour had grown late. I picked up the leash.

“Come we must rest – we shall return upstairs.”

He placed a robe around my shoulders but he remained naked, as I followed him to the entry to the stairs. I followed staring at the leash. I'm wearing a leash! I said this over and over, in my head, as I followed him - yet it made me feel connected to him. His eyes! I thought back a moment! Yes, there had suddenly been a look in his eyes that I couldn't define, but it was definitely there, burning within them like molten lava. I remembered feeling fear in my stomach as I looked in those eyes but then

again it was not fear but thrilling anticipation. I saw it when we stopped and his voice was raw passion when I started to kneel...when I felt thrust down on my elbows and mounted from behind. Finally I realized it was not fear or anticipation but passion and possession. I had been pinned on the floor. I had been caught in a storm. That was what I had seen in his eyes and he confirmed it when he rode me with unbridled rage and passion. I had heard his voice as if thunder breaking into the room – “*MINE*” that one word reverberated off the walls of stone, off the stone ceiling and into my ears. “*MINE*” and then thunder had roared in my ears, spiraling like an electrical storm through my body - my soul cried out on the wind “*YOURS.*”

The storm long silent had been set loose and the winds seemed to wrap around us. He made his claim of me known to the universe. I felt his teeth sinking into my neck and I welcomed the feeling of ownership. I arched my back and bending my neck to the side gave him my offering - self. The storm reached its peak and our cries, in unison, echoed off the walls. Time stood still or perhaps I was too dazed to move until I felt the kisses and touches, bringing the storm to bay and returning the world to me. It felt so empty when he slid out of my body and I felt him pulling me to my feet - naked, vulnerable, and exhausted.

He finally told me to hand him the leash and we slowly climbed the stairs.

CHAPTER 5

The stairs were cold as we climbed to the higher floor. I had quickly grabbed a thick velvet robe, off a peg on the wall, and placed it around her shoulders.

“Thank you Sir, I’m rather chilled.”

“Yes, I know, now follow and we shall be warm in a moment.”

I reached the landing first and brought her immediately to the master room that was warm, from the fireplace burning.

“Lord, is someone else in the house with us? The fire was not lit when we left!”

I smiled as she always noticed everything, but I did not answer her. “Come, let us pull the quilts and pillows off the bed and we will stay before the fire.”

I could see by the look in her eyes that she liked this idea - she turned to move to the bed forgetting I held the leash, until it jerked at her neck startling her.

“Come back to me pet and stand before me.”

Ahh, there was that wonderful apprehensive look again brought by catching her off guard. She came before me and taking off the leash I ran my fingers over her collar.

Looking into her eyes and without expression on my face I uttered one word. “Mine.”

She replied, “Yours.” She was mine more than even she realized.

I realized I had the leash still attached when I felt it jerk bringing my neck abruptly to a halt. I quickly looked at him for signs of anger but as always that emotion was never to be found. My mind started racing as to how one actually acts on the end of a leash and if I really liked this. I began to shift from one foot to the other and I felt confusion as to which direction I was supposed to go.

“I thought you’d said we were going to get the quilts? - I was just going to get them.”

I realized that sounded funny since Lord holding the end of a leash obviously knew the direction I was going. I moved back toward him as he bid me and stood still. I remembered how he’d showed me to stand with my arms at my side. I was staring at him now, unsure of what he wanted - he reached and unhooked the leash letting it fall to the floor.

“Do I pick it up, Lord?”

His only reply was running a finger down my cheek and saying, “Mine!”

My heart was racing, as it seemed to do whenever he spoke to me in a tone of possession and without hesitation and without thinking I replied, “Yours!”

I wanted to ask so many things about how he meant that and what he felt, but I knew by now he only answered what he wished to and would tell me in time. He kissed me gently then he went to get the quilts. Arranging them on the floor in front of the fire he turned to me holding out his hand.

I held out my hand to her and could see she was tired, from the night. I smiled at her, “Pet draw the drapes - for the world it is time to wake, but for us it is time to rest.”

Her look of relief at the thought of pure sleep was astonishing to me and she quickly walked to the windows blocking out the world to us. The fire cast beautiful light and shadows over us and she returned to me, reaching out her delicate fingers and sliding them into my hand.

“Come my beautiful pet and stay close to me - upon rising we shall go to the garden and bathe.”

I was rather glad she was this exhausted because I could see the questions forming in her mind.

She was snuggling down under the covers, her eyes already drooping. But, as always, pet slipped in a question, “The garden? Is that in back of the house? Is there a pool there and is it warm? I didn't bring a bathing suit.”

I kept stroking her hair and smiled as her brain finally succumbed to where her body begged to be. Her voice drifted to sleep still asking questions but not really expecting me to reply. The garden would be a major lesson for my pet and I pulled her tightly to me - where she belonged. Gently removing her collar I kissed her neck, where my collar would always belong.

I woke to find it early afternoon and I was alone in the room. I was covered and I snuggled under the thick blanket in front of the fireplace. My mind began to immediately go over all the previous events and I sat bolt upright with the thoughts screaming through my brain. What the hell am I doing? - I have to get to my car phone! - I have to call the office! I have to call my best friend! - I have to find my collar!

Now why that last thought came bursting forth in my head, when my hand touched my neck, was perplexing. Just as perplexing as waking in front of a fireplace, bundled in quilts, and quite naked. He must have undressed me taking my collar. I started to presume it was over between us, but then noticed my collar on the pillow next to me with a note. Thoughts of the phone and my calls were instantly erased from my mind, as I looked at that collar. I could hear him say to me, “Mine.” I reached tentatively and touched the soft leather, picking it up with the note. I was not really sure if I was to put it on, or I leave it and he puts it on, or I ask him to put it on me, or he asks me to put it on. Oh dear, I could feel what usually happens when I am in a situation I know nothing about. None of the books I ever studied etiquette with quite covered what to do upon waking naked with a collar in one's hand.

I placed it on my lap and opened the note - *“I would be pleased if you put it on, where it truly belongs!”*

I walked in carrying two cups of hot coffee and noticed the collar was where it should be, firmly around my pet's neck. It pleased me that she had placed it there on her own, without my doing more than leaving a note. I had so wished her to pick it up and feel herself placing it on her own neck...slipping the lock into place, latching it and thereby giving herself over to me. I smiled at the thought of her submission by that simple act.

“Good afternoon pet, have some coffee and we shall find something that you can wear.”

“Sir, today I have to make some phone calls, so perhaps on the way to the garden I can use my car phone?”

I had anticipated this conversation from all her sleepy questions, prior to her finally falling asleep. From my pocket I produced the phone fully charged.

“Thank you Sir but I’m afraid it should have been on the charger for a bit.” I grinned as the end of that sentence faded as she saw the charge light fully charged and simply uttered, “Oh.”

“Ahh, she says Oh to me, as if I do not know a cell phone needs charging?” Chuckling at her expression I sat down fully clothed to her naked state and handed her the coffee. She pulled the covers up hiding those lovely breasts and I, of course, reached and pulled them back down to her waist. Pulling on a nipple, it immediately peaked for me to hardness. I loved how she looked down, as if that nipple had just betrayed her and she was going to will it to get soft, or yell at it – not now!

“Do you wish to be alone for all your important phone calls pet?”

She looked at the phone, as if now that she had it she couldn't quite grasp the idea of why she wanted to actually call. She finally looked up from the phone and pleased me with “No Lord, please stay, I just have to check in with my best friend - she may be worried about me.”

I sipped at the coffee staring into the liquid, unable to meet his eyes. It seemed so odd yet so natural and relaxing to be sitting with him drinking a cup of coffee - but I knew I had responsibilities and dialed the number.

“Hi, it’s me, I just thought I’d call and say everything is fine.”

My friend immediately went into 20 questions all of which I couldn't answer.

“No, I didn't go to the hotel, my car broke down and I met a friend.” I heard him chuckling at this description of him and meeting his eyes he mouthed the word, Mine!

“Uh, uh, no nothing is wrong I was just thinking – look I'll explain everything when I see you in a day or two. I have to hang up now, someone is waiting for the phone.”

I knew my conversation made no sense, but I wanted to stop talking and just be with him.

The cell phone rang! “Hello? - Yes, I swear all is okay, okay I'll call tomorrow morning and check in.”

Looking back at him I found him grinning at me, “*Instead of a safe word is that a safe call every morning?*”

Laughing we finished our coffee to start the afternoon. The fire had died leaving only soft embers, which still kept the room warm. He'd brought in an oil lamp that he explained would be for later, when the sun went down on this side of the house. I watched as he went to the dresser and was surprised when he pulled out one of his shirts.

I chose a short sleeve shirt for her to wear because I did not think she would walk naked out to the garden without protesting. I preferred her naked at all times during the day - but there was time for her to become accustomed with how she would eventually be for me, at all times. I held up the shirt and she rose like a graceful beauty walking over to me. Turning she slid into the shirt without question. I turned her to me and pulled her against me, wrapping her in my arms and just rocking with her for a few moments. I felt such possession going through my body, as I held this woman in my arms - it rocked me to my core. I pulled back and turned away from her eyes, for I was once again burning for her, but knew it was time for the garden bath and lunch.

We walked from the house through the rear door and across the lawn. I saw my car in a garage, at the rear of the property, but we kept walking until we came to an area full of flowers and shrubs. We walked behind tall hedges and I was stunned to see a small pool of water. It was not large but about 6 foot deep at one end and had such clear water. He stripped off his clothes and reached for me removing mine. He then just held out his hand to me. I, of course, followed him to the pool -

mesmerized by the beautiful surroundings as well as his muscular body being covered by water. I couldn't believe how warm the water was in this small garden pool. It was not late in the afternoon and it felt so soothing on my body. He stood in back of me soaping my back and the sun was making the water shine like crystals. I made ripples in it, enjoying his hands on me. I surprised him when I turned and hugged him, but he laughed and accepted it. He wrapped his arms around me, pulling my legs around his waist and sinking low into the pool. I was surprised we just floated like this for a few moments face to face, the water enveloping us in warmth while I stayed with my thighs wrapped around his waist.

“Lord, I’m so happy I met you and that it rained and that you asked me to stay and that I stayed.”

He laughed and said, “AND, and AND! My pet, you do go on so at times.”

I smiled and resting my cheek on his broad shoulder sighed and just floated in security, wrapped in his arms.

I heard him sigh, “And to borrow one of your famous uses of the word “and” - if I do not unwrap those thighs of yours from around my waist I shall take you right here AND I think we had better eat first.”

I didn't want to unwrap, I wanted to stay holding him forever but knew he was right and we stepped out of the pool. After being dried off he took my hand and we walked naked to a blanket that had been placed in another area.

The blanket on this side of the pool surprised me, as I didn't see him bring it - yet here it was complete with a fresh pot of coffee, sandwiches and fruit. I, by this time, was so hungry that I didn't care where it came from, as long as it was here. He laughed as I grabbed a sandwich and made all kinds of yummy sounds while eating it.

“I’m not going to diet while I'm here!” I have no idea why I told him that, as I reached for another sandwich, but he smiled and handed me an Oreo cookie. I immediately proceeded to twist it open. We chatted about my work and that with today’s technology I could actually work from any location, but he didn't ask me to move in with him, or even suggest I come back. I wasn’t sure if I was relieved or disappointed. He, on the other hand, just said he had plenty to do to keep him busy and left it at that. By now we’d finished lunch and he sat watching me as I started to fidget.

CHAPTER 6

I walked with her to another section of the garden – she was quite splendid being naked and by now quite comfortable being naked in front of me, so I could feast my eyes on her body. She walked easily next to me leashed, as if it were natural. It seemed as if it had always been there to keep us together as one entity linked together. I brought her to the middle of a grassy spot that held the oak tree that had been there since I was a child. This was my favorite spot and I had recently endowed it with certain things to make it more enjoyable. The Oak tree instead of holding my childhood swing was outfitted with an iron ring in the middle and two iron rings at the base of the tree. I watched as her eyes took this in. She still never missed anything, nor stopped analyzing everything. I did so enjoy this about her. She had the curiosity of a child taking in all its new surroundings, but the feelings of a woman interpreting what they would mean to her.

Turning her to me I stated, “Give me your wrists.”

Such delicate wrists she produced and I carefully bound them with the soft cord I had brought with me. I saw her surprise that it was not cuffs. She would be in for many surprises this day.

“Lift your hands above your head, so I may bind your breasts.”

She visibly jerked her head up looking at me like I had sprung two heads - I repeated slower, “Lift your hands above your head so I can bind your breasts.”

I could see that nervous look appearing in her eyes and I smiled again, as I had missed that look – Yes, it was fun to put that expression back on her lovely face!

“Safe word so you shall not worry will be – morning.”

I smiled and noted that she calmed faster than at the beginning of the week. Lifting her breasts gently I felt their wonderful soft texture. Not large breasts but very beautiful. I gently felt them and caressed them...before taking the rope and twining it in a figure 8 around each breast. I then looped the rope around her back and over her shoulders to keep her breasts bound. I did not do them tightly, but enough so they pushed out from the pressure and swelled to a beautiful view to my eyes. Yes, perfectly bound and cradled in the rope. Pulling her back against the tree I lifted her arms above her head and secured them to the iron rung. Her

breasts pulled up as her back arched. Then, kneeling before her I pulled her legs apart, attaching them to the iron rings at the base. She was now secured as I wished her to be - stretched and beautiful. Finally, I produced a blindfold from my pocket securing it over her eyes.

“Shh, do not fear, have I not taken care of you and made you mine? I would never hurt anything that is mine – you do not need to see when I am here to protect you!”

I couldn't see but felt the air on my body and heard the sounds of the birds and rustling of the breezes through branches. I never realized how many smells the air had and could make out the sweet jasmine vines I had noticed. I could feel my breasts, as if I never felt them before on my body. I was so aware of them being pulled and pressed in on by the ropes. I could feel them swell within their confines and the pressure brought such sensations spiraling through them. I could at this moment think of nothing else on my body but my breasts...my nipples...how they were tied and protruded through the bindings for his eyes to feast on. I was so open to him and I could hear him moving over the soft grass. My nipples hardened at his approach, already begging him for his touch. I could feel him standing inches from my flesh, as I stood tied to the tree. Wondering what he wanted from me in this position I suddenly knew, or to be more precise my body knew.

I felt her jump at my first touch...my fingers sifted through her pubic hair, while my other fingers flicked her nipples, now swollen and begging for attention. I grinned at her nipples and suckled on them, giving them the relief they so gently begged me for.

Her moans of pleasure were like a whisper when I licked the tips of her nipples, flicking them with my tongue. She gave to me so fast now, without hesitation or thinking. Stepping back I watched her body arch trying to find my touch, and again I gently, without touching her body, licked the tips of her swollen nipples. Each time I gently licked she would moan and sigh. I would lightly brush my fingers up the inside of each luscious thigh, but not between her precious pussy lips. Again, and again, I licked and blew lightly on her nipples, watching her breathing become heightened and her movements within her confines more prominent. It was cool out now and the breeze had picked up.

“Pet, feel the wind make love to your skin.”

I wet her nipples with kisses and watched while the breeze kissed them...drying them. I moved my tongue down her skin, licking and letting the breeze kiss the areas I had just kissed. I opened her and gently blew on her clit, while the wind sifted through her hair. Her head was

leaning against the oak and the wind was now blowing on her open woman's lips caressing her moistness. I could see she was not cold, but in tune now with what the mild breeze was doing to her body. Yes, she could feel the wind kissing her open moistness and she was trying to get more of it.

The wind – the air – I could feel it all and welcomed it cooling the heat in me but it was making me burn even more. It was as if it was kissing me in my most private place but only enough to tease me and not give me release. I tried to open my thighs wider to feel the wind more - to make it kiss me where I wanted to feel pressure. Now, his fingers were only lightly moving over my body, trailing down my thighs to my ankles - my skin felt on fire. I heard something like a branch being broken and then felt a soft leaves moving over my nipples. The tips were so swollen that the leaves touching them made me moan with need. I felt the soft leaves moving over my stomach.

“Lord, please I need you.”

“Shh, pet feel.”

I felt the leaves moving over my body, down my legs and up the inside of my thighs. I thrashed my head from side to side opening my thighs more as the leaves climbed the inside of my thighs. YES, there, finally I felt the wind and the leaves moving over my flesh just touching that part of me that needed pressure. Feeling the leaves moving lightly over me I could feel myself getting moist when Lord with the lightest touch licked me and softly whispered.

“Pet, my beauty, come for the wind, come for me.”

He had such a light touch and whisper. I gave to the wind – I gave to him. Feeling my nipples hard and pointed...feeling my body in need, I moaned as the waves of want and passion rolled over me. Whispering my need my body began to come for him and the wind and the leaves. The oak tree felt as if it caressed my back and bottom and I rubbed against its rough texture. I was coming...more...more. Finally, breathing hard my body began to return to me. I felt so embarrassed that I had come like this - but it was the most sensual feelings I have ever experienced.

She was so in tune with her surroundings as they played their tune on her body. I watched as she rubbed her bottom against the oak's bark feeling its texture mark her. The wind was playing her flesh and the switch I had cut with full leaves was running over her moistness making her needy and ready. She was so well trained now to come for me and needed it so

much that it took only a kiss on that special place and licking her there. Her body did as I wanted it to and she couldn't hold back.

I could feel the hardness of my arousal needing to be in her depths and I released one of her legs pulling it up around my hip. I pinned her to the tree and slid my throbbing strength into her. The warmth of being in her body, while the wind played on my back and ass, made me need to be in her deeper. I thrust and pushed in.

Ripping her blindfold off, I looked deeply into her eyes. I pumped deeply and rhythmically...my hot shaft enjoying its new home. Gripping her to me I pushed her back harder against on the oak. I was groaning my need of her body...higher...until I threw my head back. I groaned in blissful pain, as I lost control, and plunged over the edge spilling my seed and burning into her as she whispered, "Yours."

I vowed to her...the breeze...the sky in my final moment of ecstasy, "Yes, pet you are mine."

I spent more time kissing her breasts not wanting to untie them but knew that I must give them release from the pressure. I loosened all the ropes slowly, allowing the pressure to ease off her swollen flesh. Fully released from all her bindings I carried her to the blanket cradling her to my chest.

"Did you enjoy your lunch and my favorite tree?" She smiled and blushed as she said, "Yes, Lord."

I informed her we would have a late dinner in the library and a nice lesson in some positions I wished to teach her. What a wonderful pupil she was up to this point and I had no intentions of letting her go, but I knew not to tell pet thing sooner then needed. Sitting with pet cradled in my arms I did not want to leave this area, but sighed and knew it was time for this session to end.

"Come pet, let us return to the house and relax on the veranda, before we visit the library."

CHAPTER 7

We returned to the house and proceeded to the back veranda where there had been placed a platter of more food. I wondered where the food and lit fireplaces kept coming from and finally voiced this to Lord.

"Lord, where does this come from and how do the fires stay lit?"

He replied, as I should have known, "A) You are not suppose to ask questions, unless I give you permission. B) The food is from the kitchen and the fire is from matches."

Grinning at me he then leaned his head back and closed his eyes. His quiet breathing made me realize he was asleep and instead of snooping around, which was the first thought that came to mind, I stretched out on a chaise lounge. I soon fell asleep and was awakened by Lord, much later in the day. I was still stretched out on the chair, but had been covered by a blanket. I was surprised since I never felt it being placed over me.

He smiled and whispered, "Come, let us dress for the library, my beauty."

"Yes, Lord, that sounds nice, what will I be wearing?" *He just smiled and replied, "Wait and see."*

The library was as it was the first afternoon I stood dripping water on his carpet. I was amazed how he always managed to have the fireplace going before one entered any room. Then again without them the rooms were cold making it more of a necessity than a luxury. I was dressed quite differently from that first day and laughed at the difference. Now I was wearing a black corset with matching black stockings. It had a satin garter belt and I wore black, ankle-strap spike heels. Of course I had my collar on, that was fast becoming my most treasured item. Looking at myself in the full-length mirror hanging on a wall I smiled at my appearance. I had never felt comfortable walking around naked, but since coming to Castlewood it seemed so natural to be naked in front of Lord. But then I had never met anyone quite like Lord, who made everything seem like this was the correct way to be and all I had known before had been wrong.

I had time to roam around the room noticing books, maps, almanacs and I was quite stunned as to the variety of subject matter in his bookcase. I heard the door close and lock!

"Lord, you startled me!"

He smiled in his usual manner and replied in a very low voice, "Yes pet, I do seem to do that to you and I think I shall startle you more."

With that he walked over to me and grabbing me by my arms pulled me into the most startling passionate kiss I had ever been given. I felt his tongue seeking mine and heard the low growl he made

as his body made contact with mine. It started that fire I had come to know so well in the core of my being. I pulled back and stared into those mesmerizing eyes of his.

“Lord, do you have any idea what you do to me?” – *he chuckled and replied, “Yes!”*

I do not recall how much enjoyment I received startling someone but this was all so new to her. I enjoyed bringing her to each new level. I brought her before the fire proceeding to have her kneel for me with her arms folded in back of her back. She looked so good in position to serve that I sat on the couch staring at her while she watched me. She waited so patiently for instructions with those trusting eyes looking at me - I knew we had much to talk about.

“I have changed my mind pet, come here and sit cross legged in front of me so we can talk a moment.”

I was not going to lecture her, although where she was concerned it did always seem to be that way. She seemed so aggressive and sure of herself yet here out of her realm of experience she was vulnerable.

She came and sat before and whispered, “Yes, Lord?”

I explained that I had known I had given her quite a bit to read this afternoon and that for a few moments we would have open discussion. It was now the time for her to tell me how she had felt up to this point being with me, and what she did and did not like.

She actually looked blank and quietly replied, “Lord, I have liked everything and would not want to be anywhere else but with you.”

I was growing quite fond of the way she said Lord with almost a whisper and I smiled as I told her, “I do so like the way you call me Lord, for a nickname, but Master is the usual and rather more appropriate.”

“Well then Master, one of the things I like is to call you Lord.”

She had such a look of pleading in her eyes I smiled, “Yes, then you shall call me Lord if that is what pleases you.” And in that moment the name of Lord was officially chosen and given to me by pet.

I have no idea why but he did just seem like I should call him Lord and the name slid from my lips so natural. Perhaps it was that Lord of Castlewood just seemed to fit so well. All I could think to tell him when he asked what I didn't like was that I didn't like the thought of leaving him - but that I didn't voice that thought.

“Lord, what do you have planned for tonight?”

He grinned and said, “What do you think, pet?”

I could feel the blush starting and nearly fainted but didn't answer. He stood and held out his hand. Reaching for his hand he pulled me to my feet. We walked over to the corner of the room where I had just been looking in the full-length mirror. It was quite a large mirror, more than full length and actually taking up at least 8 feet in height and 5 feet in width.

“Do you like looking at your body in the mirror, pet?”

I stood a moment looking down when he tilted my chin up for me to look at my reflection as he stood behind me.

“I'm not used to looking like this, or looking at my body, Lord.”

I felt his hands start to slide over my breasts while his other hand started to slide lower.

He whispered in my ear, “Keep looking at my hands in the mirror pet.”

Her reflection was of such beauty that I could do naught but stare at her as my hand cupped her breast and my other one slid and caressed her soft belly through the corset. I know she was embarrassed watching in the mirror as my hand now squeezed her breasts and slid up over the corset to her flesh.

Stepping back I demanded, “pet, strip for me and watch in the mirror as your body becomes displayed for me to look at.”

She stood frozen for a moment and reaching I untied the corset in the back for her, “pet, I have started for you, now take off the clothes and stand naked for me in standing serve position facing the mirror.”

I could see the insecurity showing in her eyes at standing naked before me and I rubbed the back of her neck. My touch seemed to always make her feel secure and she slowly started to slide the corset down her body. I slowly began to imagine my fingers moving over her naked flesh.

Ah, naked at last she stood for me before the mirror. I again lifted her chin, for her to watch herself in the mirror, while I opened her legs by placing my foot inside hers and pushing outward. I then unfolded her arms that she had folded in front of her and had her place them straight down at her sides. Now, it was time!

“Pet, watch my hands in the mirror.”

My arms wrapped around her body and my fingers rolled her nipples, both at the same time...both in the same direction...both in rhythmic unison.

“No pet, do not close your eyes, watch my hands!”

Again I pulled them upward so she could see her flesh stretch and do what I wanted. In her eyes I could see the passion starting, as she stared at my fingers on her nipples.

“Do you or I own these nipples?”

I pinched them hard as she watched my fingers.

“You, Lord, you own my nipples.” I smiled as her eyes continued to be transfixed on her nipples that were being pinched and pulled.

“Good girl, yes I own these pretty nipples - we will continue.”

My hands snaked lower down her body to where her legs spread open. One hand stayed rubbing over her lush mons as my other hand slid between her open thighs.

“Pet, pinch your nipples for me while play with this moistness that I own, I do own this sweet moistness, is that not correct?”

Her voice now throaty in need, answered, “Yes, Lord you own that as well.”

I watched my hands in the mirror as I parted her lips to display her beautiful secrets kept hidden from all view. "Look at yourself pet, look at how beautiful your body is."

My fingers now slid up and down the open moist length of her where she was soft and open. I dipped into her for a moment and brought my finger to her lips so she should taste herself. She was again startled. Moving it to my lips I licked my fingers before dipping them back into her heat and bringing it to her lips.

"Taste yourself now pet, as I did."

Her tongue came out and licked at my fingers as her eyes kept hold of mine for security.

"Good girl, yes that's it." I returned now to concentrate on that special place beckoning me with its heat.

His fingers were back where I needed them...back to where the heat of my body was burning needing to be quenched. I was mesmerized watching in the mirror the reflection of his hands touching my breasts. I couldn't believe I was standing before a mirror pulling my nipples. This man had my legs spread and his hands were between my legs, while we both watched. But now I could see as his index and middle finger delving inside and opening me - I moaned as he moved them so slowly and smoothly in and out of my body. My legs opened wider and I automatically lowered my body slightly, to get them in deeper.

"That's my good girl, fuck my fingers and watch your need for them in the mirror." His deep voice drove me to heights of sensations.

I knew I needed what only he could give me and I now seemed to become someone else in the mirror, I pulled my nipples harder away from my body and began to move on his fingers inside me - driving them deeper. He took his other hand and started to pinch me where the fire burned even more. I felt myself hot and needing between his fingers. I looked into his eyes - he just smiled at me and started to rotate his index finger on my flesh as it swelled for him sending sensations through my body. Embarrassed at my body's reactions to him I looked away.

"No, pet, keep those beautiful eyes on where my fingers are, watch yourself come to me now."

He positioned himself flat against my back. His fingers on my flesh began to rub harder, pumping in and out of my body - faster and with such depth. I began to ride his fingers and pinch my clit harder. I could feel his fingers being held tight by my body and his voice drifting to me.

“Keep watching pet, good girl, yes now you are coming to me, do not close your eyes, WATCH!”

Again it was happening – my body met the thrusts of his fingers as they moved deep within me. My body gyrated in slow aching movements until I knew I had to come. My hips began to rotate driving his fingers in me...fucking me...it surged and ebbed until a dizzying explosion of feeling surged through me. In a blinding, pulsing moment I came for him...crying his name, “Lord! For you!”

I thought I was going to faint and that my legs were going to collapse. I stared at his fingers while my body was wracked by sensations over and over.

Over and over I felt her heated depths clenching my fingers. I kept my fingers moving...opening her...stretching her...as she found her release. I had to wrap my other arm around her waist because her legs began to relax and tremble. I still held my fingers inside her until she stopped her movements. I didn't take them out.

“Quiet now my precious, watch my fingers slide out of you, so nice and wet and you will taste your gift to me.”

I watched as her eyes followed every movement of my fingers. They slid out of her beautiful body, wet with her gift, and I brought her essence to her lips where she licked herself. I then needed to taste my pet and brought her taste to my lips and licked her from my fingers.

I could see in my pet's eyes what she now needed as much as when she needed her release. I turned her to my body and wrapped her in my arms, holding her safe and secure to me. We stood as such for a length of time until I felt the chill from the fire going low. Taking her hand I walked with her to the couch. She again was surprised when I picked up a warm terry cloth robe of mine and wrapped her in it but more surprised when I picked up another and slid it on. I sat on the couch before the fire and pulled her onto my lap tucking her head on my shoulder.

She whispered, “Lord, this feels nice.”

I smiled and answered my pet, “Yes, I know pet, now close those eyes of yours and rest.”

Of course, instead of quietly falling to sleep she was whispering how much she liked the house, how much she liked the garden, how much she needed me, and how she was very glad her car broke down. However, I continued stroking her hair knowing that in a few moments she would whisper herself to sleep, as seemed to be her way.

I woke in the upstairs bedroom to find breakfast of hot coffee and warm buttered scones on the table in the room. The drapes had been pulled open and sunlight was streaming in through the stained-glass windows. I was immediately pulled into an embrace and I snuggled quite comfortable into his arms under the covers.

I couldn't know his reaction but I had to say something so I whispered, "You know if there was any way I could stay here with you that I would."

His reply was as cryptic as ever, "There is always a way, but for now do not think about one – that will be mine to ponder."

I wished just this one time that he had said more to me. Something to the order of stay! Never leave me! I'll not go on without you! But, I guess for Lord that would be rather melodramatic. I, instead of saying more moved my thigh over his lower body and rubbed against him. He needed no other signal.

I knew what she needed to hear as I also knew she was not ready to hear it. I knew as easy as the air I breathed that I wanted this woman for my own. I also knew that in time she would be, so I was not as panicked at her leaving as she appeared to be. She moved her thigh in offering and I in turn took what I wanted and she needed. I slid her body under mine where it belonged. Her trusting and needing eyes were always my downfall since the moment it had rained, and she appeared in my life. I spread her soft thighs with my muscular ones and slid into her moist welcome. She automatically spread her arms to be pinned.

"No, hold me this time, wrap your arms around my neck."

I kissed the surprise from her lips and her arms enveloped me in her warmth. I slowly stroked in and out of her body. I had my hands firmly under her hips raising her to meet my thrusts. Our bodies swept along in passion and need. Her grip became tighter as she neared her release and her nails started to rake down my back - up and down urging me on harder and deeper in her.

"Lord?"

“NO, this time just feel and come for me when you want and need to.”

My body now paced itself to hers, her movements became more aggressive and her hands more demanding. Over and over I felt her hands moving over my back, over my ass - grasping me tighter to her until my movements became rougher. Now I thrust in deeper and faster feeling her need. Over and over - long strokes, then short strokes, ramming into her depths, until finally her nails dug deep into the cheeks of my ass and I knew!

I arched my back and slammed into her body deep as we both climaxed again and again - finally resting against her body she held me close to her.

This time I was wrapped in my Lord’s arms - my man - my own, and I felt such a belonging to this man that held me. I knew today was the day I had to leave, but at this moment I made a goal in my life that I was to somehow be his forever. Now, I would have to somehow return to work and a world that seemed alien to me.

“Lord, I wish there was a way to make time turn back to last Sunday.”

He just pulled me tighter, “Then stay here with me, until next Sunday.”

I wanted to say yes but I replied, “Lord, you know that’s not possible, right?”

I sat up and looked into his eyes as he gave me a choice when he said, *“Stay - wear my collar.”*

I wanted to say yes so much, but I was so scared and how do I just not return to my job and house?

“I’ll come back in two weeks if you’ll let me, but for now I have to leave – I’ve a job waiting.”

I was shocked when he reached and removed my collar and answered me, *“Then we shall keep this safe, till you decide if and when you shall return to me.”*

The conversation was the hardest I have ever been in and my heart was now being torn in two. My collar! I wanted that back on my neck so much – I needed my collar! I knew I should not demand it, as it was not mine to demand, but a gift to be given and accepted of trust and belonging. We dressed in silence but he came to me and buttoned up my blouse. He caressed my breasts and I covered his hands with mine and held them tight against me. I moved into his arms and held on to him tight, but we both

knew that the time had now come for me to leave. I knew in my heart and soul that this was not the end.

It was the time that could no longer be put off and I walked her to the back of the house, where her car had been brought. I know she wanted me to put the collar on her. She stood at the car door staring at me and hinting how her neck felt naked without her collar. I pulled her against my body holding her to me.

“So, pet, I guess this is where we started, do you wish to stay?”

I knew her answer would have to be no and of course I had already made plans for that answer.

“There is a note on your passenger seat that half way down the drive by the mailbox I wish you to read, will you do this for me?”

Her voice shook and in a small whisper she said, “Yes, Lord.”

Kissing her gently I could see that look of distress in her eyes as I turned and walked back into the house - closing the door once again to the outside world.

I drove to the midway part of the driveway, where the mailbox was, and as instructed stopped and looked at the envelope. I was in the most agitated state of confusion I could ever remember and said out loud, what am I supposed to do? Quit work? Live here? – My entire being screamed at me – YES, YOU IDIOT - YES!

Reaching over to the passenger seat I picked up the envelope. I couldn't hold them back any longer - the tears started running down my face. I opened it and started to read the writing I had come to know and love.

I could hear his voice in my mind as I read: *“Leave your house key in the mailbox to your right; the moon is now past the 1st quarter; on the full moon your doorbell will ring at 11:55. I shall come to you this time – Mine – Yours – Lord.”*

Sitting quietly, I read it twice - then smiled. I was so happy I started to laugh and cry again at the same time. Reaching in my attaché case I grabbed the key ring taking the house key off of it. Opening the

car door I walked the few steps to the mailbox. When I opened it, I stood staring at what was inside - My collar!

Reaching in my fingers closed around the leather - I felt secure again. Replacing the collar with the key I turned to the house, but knew I wouldn't see him. I knew that, as always, he was watching me and I placed the collar around my neck where it belonged. The house was as the first day I saw it – tall and not friendly in appearance - but now I knew better. I jumped back in the car reaching for my car phone to find out how long it was till the full moon – I had so many plans to make. I had only driven as far as the end of the drive when the car phone rang startling me.

I said, "Hello?"

I heard, "Hi pet, the full moon is in two days, so be ready for me, and before you ask the answer is still no, there are no phones in the house. There is a phone in the cottage, on the end of the property. As much as I do love the name Lord would you like to know my first name?"

I started to laugh and cry at the same time.

"Yes, I want to know it and by the way, I love you."

There was a moment of silence over the phone and then I heard him reply in that deep voice I loved so much to hear:

"My name is Derek and yes, I know you love me! – Mine!"

CHAPTER 8

The drive home was rather boring after such an odd weekend and all I could do was keep thinking of Lord. Every single song that played on the radio reminded me of Lord! Suddenly the cellular phone rang startling me and I quickly answered, "Lord?"

My best friend Marnie started laughing, "Jessika, you've turned Christian? As soon as you get home I'm coming over for a full length report." Before I could answer, per usual, she hung up. Pulling into the driveway I saw her car already parked in front of my house and she was waving to me from the front porch. I approached slowly as she stared and commented on my collar.

"Jessika, let me guess. You spent the week at their local Christian dog-pound?"

I looked at her and replied very calmly while walking into the house, "It's rather a complicated story."

"Jessika, I can see it's complicated. You left wearing your usual gold chain with the locket and now you're wearing a dog collar, instead of having a new dog wearing it."

"Marnie, it's not a dog collar. It's too thin and delicate to be a dog collar and it has much more meaning than a dog collar." Looking at myself in the living room mirror I thought back to when he stood in back of me and we watched his hands moving over my body in the mirror.

"Jessika, you're not going to tell me you met someone and his name was Heathcliff or anything like that, are you?"

I threw a couch pillow at her. She pretended to be hurt and went into fits of laughter, as we sat down on the couch. Before long we were both in fits of laughter as I tried to logically explain being tied in a tower, tied in a cellar, chained to a tree, walked around at the end of a leash, but it was actually all rather normal.

Later over dinner I explained the entire week, while she sat there laughing. Suddenly, she realized I was quite serious.

"Jessika, Oh no! You fell in love with this character. Have you gone completely nuts? He's a bona-fide weirdo. You fell in love because he chained you to things and gave you a leather collar, instead of a diamond engagement ring?"

I knew this wouldn't make sense to anyone but tried to explain, "Well it goes deeper than that, but you wouldn't understand the feeling of freedom. Marnie, don't you have to get on line or something and do e-mail? I have to unpack and be back in the office in two days and I've a lot to get together." We finished coffee and as she left she kept laughing saying, "Only you would get chained to things and fall in love."

The next two days I told anyone that asked that I'd been at a quiet fishing village and it had been monotonous. I knew trying to explain my new trust in someone wouldn't be understood. The second day in the office I kept staring at my calendar where it showed the notation – full moon. I was fidgety all day and by the time I got home I was checking the clock every ten minutes - only to find it was, of course, ten minutes later. The number of times I showered between the hours of five and midnight and

combed my hair I knew was silly, but he hadn't called since I returned and I had kept the cell phone on constantly.

I had read the note so many times in two days that the paper was torn from folding and unfolding it. But it was now 12:15! The note said he would come to my house at 11:55. At 12:55 I resigned myself to the fact that it had been a fling. I took off the collar and cried myself to sleep. I really wasn't sure what bothered me more, that he wasn't coming or the thought he was sitting in his library laughing at me. If I hadn't been so tired I would've gotten in my car and driven to his house to try and beat the shit out of him. At 3:00 in the morning I finally woke from a dream of being back in his house, cried some more, and then fell back into a fitful, exhausted sleep.

Again I dreamed of being back in his house with his naked body next to mine, and his arms around me. I knew I was saying out loud how much I hate him for dumping me! His voice was whispering that he didn't dump me and what a silly word dump was to begin with. His voice seemed to take over my dream as it continued, *"pet why would I dump you? And where is your collar? I believe I returned it to you, and by the way my car broke down."*

In my sleep I whispered, "Car...car...car?"

I felt my arms being stretched above my head and a warm mouth covering my naked breasts licking at my nipples. *Then a voice said, "Okay, pet - wake up, you are quite sleeping fitfully!"* Opening my eyes I was staring into his. I wasn't sure for a moment if I was dreaming.

"Lord? Your car?"

He grinned down at me and answered, *"Yes one of those things with four wheels and the engine that quit on me just out of town. Did you doubt that I would be here? Or, have you been crying about losing your collar, which does not appear to be on your neck, where it should be when waiting for me."*

"BUT, Lord, it has to be later than 3 am – I didn't think you would show up this late."

"BUT, pet, shall I continue to nibble on this beautiful nipple I own, or are you going to continue to admonish me - first while you slept and now awake! Shall I continue nibbling?"

Smiling into his eyes I decided not to protest anymore, Lord was here and that was what I had wanted.

I did not listen to more protests. My concentration stayed on the beautiful tight nipple that I was sucking on. I would not dare tell my pet that I had truly missed this delicate morsel of hers in my mouth. Licking the petite point I savored the taste. I flicked it until it was a tight hard point needing more and more of my attention. Finally, I began to nip at it until her moans of pleasure made me take it between my teeth pulling up on it, as the nipple clips had done. Biting at the tortured peak I slid my other hand down to the wetness that I owned and needed to feel. Of course my pet was already wet and needy.

I asked, "Whose wetness is this?"

My fingers delved between her pussy lips and slid along her length to her depths. I sank my fingers inside her damp heat as she breathlessly told me that I owned all of her. Moving my fingers deeply within my prize possession my stroking owned all of her movements. I would not let her come when she wanted. I slowed my stroking to teasing and asked, "What my prize? Do you need to ask something of your Lord?"

Finally, her need was a burning passion for only me. Only I could release her from herself and as I bit her nipple one last time I whispered, "Now, right now, come for me. Give to me your body and be mine totally."

She answered with her body, her mind and cried out, "Yours – yours Lord."

I captured her lips and whispered in possession, "MINE!"

Lord, "I'm so sleepy, so happy, I can't believe you're really here!"

I did not quite understand why pet could not fathom that I was actually there, but it seemed to comfort her to run her fingertips over my face. I had told her I would be with her on the full moon. Granted I was three hours late, but I failed to see how that should matter. I had given her my word and collar that I would be at her home. I seldom venture out of my territory, yet for this woman now held in my arms I acquiesced. I did feel the need to explain a few things.

"pet, when I say I am going to do something only death will keep me from it. We have entered into a union, a bond tighter than any marriage holds. I have given you my oath and in return you have given me your trust, your body, but more, your being. I will never let any harm come to what is mine. Mine!"

She smiled and of course babbled away how she really knew I would not fail her - and, as always, I knew if I held her softly to my body and stroked her hair she would cease her prattle and fall to sleep. A few seconds later I could barely make out how glad she was I did not dump her and that she loved me - then she slept.

Awakening a few hours later I left pet still asleep, while I wandered about her home. Her bathroom was quite astonishing to me. The tub had to be an antique, since it had the old fashion claw feet and was quite deep. I smiled to myself thinking of how it could easily fit two people. What surprised me were the shades of blue and lavender towels etc., which is what I would have chosen. Of course, just like I knew pet would keep things, everything in the medicine chest was not only in orderly sections but the bottles were in height order. Smiling to myself I ventured to find the kitchen and a needed cup of coffee. The drip coffee pot was spotless with three different flavors of coffee in canisters...vanilla nut...hazelnut, and mocha. This was new to me. I did not know my pet liked flavored coffee. Thinking back I had failed to ask about her tastes in food - I would rectify that later. I did now wonder if pet even ate breakfast in her own world. Going through the cabinets and refrigerator it seemed that pet did not eat much of anything besides tuna packed in water, crackers, and mayonnaise. Well, at least I did find some eggs so I proceeded to make myself eggs and crackers. I was just about done and pouring some coffee when I heard pet moving around.

I was scared for a moment that it had been a dream and he wasn't here with me, but then I heard Lord humming from the kitchen. I quickly put on a robe and walked to the kitchen upset with myself that I didn't wake up to make him coffee.

"Lord, I didn't hear you get out of bed, do you want me to make you breakfast?"

"No, I am quite finished and eggs and crackers are not a difficult task - want a cracker with your coffee, or perhaps tuna and mayo?"

I was shocked a moment and then remembered I didn't get around to food shopping since I'd returned and never even thought about getting food for his visit. I stammered, "Oh food! I'm not the greatest at keeping the refrigerator full."

He laughed and handed me a cracker, "Nor my pet the cabinets it seems, but as long as you have coffee then we shall go shopping later, or just eat dinner out."

"Should I still call you Lord? It seems so odd with you here in my house."

He took a moment and I could see him contemplating before he answered, *"Outside you will call me Derek, at my house you shall call me Lord, and here for today you shall call me Master! Do you understand?"*

His look was one of pure dominance. He had stopped all movement of his body and sat with his hands flat on the table watching me as he repeated, "pet, do you understand?" His one eyebrow raised waiting for my reply.

It took me only a moment as the feeling of needing to belong to him washed over me, "Yes, Master, I understand."

Picking up his coffee cup and reaching to read the newspaper he smiled, *"Good girl, what do you have planned today?"*

My mind went blank. Planned. What did one even do with him? Where would I take him? He sounded like he was out of a gothic novel! I had to go to work later that day.

"I have to go to the office for a few hours, but then we can do whatever you want."

He gave me an odd look raising one eyebrow and replied, *"Fine. I shall drive you to your office. What time do you need to be there?"*

I was feeling an attack of anxiety starting at the thought of him walking into my office and trying to explain him to co-workers. Plus I'd never worn the collar to work.

I guessed that pet did not wear the collar to work and I did so love that look of confusion I could so easily bring to her. How was she going to merge two worlds that she needed into one? She had the look of a deer caught in headlights. So beautiful sitting there in her lavender bathrobe, her hair still tussled and a look of complete frozen fear in her eyes, as if I had just sprung two heads. Truly I should not have done the next thing to my pet but she is so irresistible at times.

"pet, I would very much like to visit your office and see where you spend your day, I assume this is possible?"

pet it seemed was back to her one word answers as she whispered, "Possible?"

"Yes, pet, possible! As when I drive you to your office building and enter it with you to see where you work during the day."

"My office?"

I spoke slower as it seemed she was having a bit difficulty understanding, I did keep from laughing! "pet, go bathe. I will put away the crackers and drive you to work."

She got up staring at me, but did answer, "Yes, Master – bathe."

She walked out the door as if in some trance and I soon heard the bath water running.

Dressed in my business suit I went into the living room where Lord was sitting in his black jeans, sneakers and no shirt. I loved looking at his muscled chest as he lounged while laughing at something he was watching.

"Master? I should be getting to work now. It may be chilly outside. Perhaps you should wear a shirt so you don't catch a chill?"

He picked up the suitcase I hadn't noticed by the front door. Walking past me he said he'd return in a moment and walked back into the bedroom shutting the door. I nervously looked at my watch. I tried to think what I could tell my co-workers if he walked in shirtless. I had decided that since this was, after all, California I'd say he's an artist visiting and lives up the coast.

"Jessika?"

Turning to answer I know my mouth dropped open but I couldn't utter a word. He walked past me to the front door smiling at me and saying, *"Well, you didn't expect that I'd go to your office in jeans without a shirt on, did you?"*

"Uh, no, uh kind of, but I wasn't sure."

He smiled. I walked past him admiring his gray, tailored, business suit and light blue shirt with a Jerry Garcia tie. He grabbed me pulling me into his arms.

"Lift your skirt Jessika, pull it up for me!"

I could only mutter yes Master and slid my skirt up. He had me pinned to the wall as his fingers slid between my spread open thighs.

I loved his fingers touching me.

He whispered, "Well my precious business pet – let's get to that office of yours before we're late." He smiled down at me and pulled my skirt back in place – he kissed me on the nose and opening the front door he walked to the car.

I helped pet to the car and kept the talk light, since I could see she was rather nervous about us going to her office. I smiled thinking she had probably thought I would sit at her house quietly and wait for her to return. She had a lot to learn about me, and I of her, but I had plans and we had time. We pulled up in front of a typical office building and into her designated parking spot. Just the type of surrounding I swore I would never again set foot in. My Jessika, pet, had no idea what I was doing on her behalf. Or, it could be that since I knew my goal that the end justified the means. We walked past the receptionist with just a nod and smile and ventured past those wonderful cubicles, that no matter what management tells you, it is still a cubicle.

Finally we entered her office area and someone walked up to us.

"Jessika, Welcome back!" He turned to me, "I'm Roger James Chadwick, President of RJC Communications." He held out his hand and as I shook it Jessika started to interrupt as if I could not speak for myself.

"Oh Roger, this is an old friend of mine...."

I immediately cut her off, "Well not that old and my name is Derek Thomas Sutton, President of DTS Communications."

Jessika cut in with a nervous laugh, "Oh, he's always kidding!"

Her boss cut her off as if she was insane and turned to me saying, "No, actually I remember seeing a picture of you. It was on the cover of America Communications Monthly - I seem to recall you dropped out of site about two years ago and your younger brother runs day to day operations, right? I kind of keep up with whom, is doing what, in this industry!"

Oh this would have been such a treat to have a picture of my pet's face as her expression began to put pieces together of what and who I am, besides of course, her Master and Owner.

"Derek, how long will you be in town for? Would it be imposing to invite you and Jessika tonight for dinner?"

I turned to my pet, "Jessika?"

After she mumbled something we assumed was consent we agreed that dinner would be at 8:00 pm at his house. We went into her office and I closed the door.

"I assume dinner was okay with you, your answer was rather mumbled?"

Pet mumbled something and answered her phone. I again looked at her and asked, "pet, I recall just asking you a question. Can you answer with either a yes, Derek, I'm pleased we're going to dinner or yes, Master, take me home and ravish me over and over."

pet looked up and for the first time and laughed – smiling her beautiful smile she said to me, "Yes, to both. Derek. Master."

CHAPTER 9

Answering the phone I laughed as Marnie said, "So, did the weirdo show up last night?" She heard me say yes to both and she was still questioning what was going on.

"He showed up. He's in my office. We're having dinner with my boss. No, I haven't lost my mind. Yes, I'll call you first thing in the morning with details."

Derek or Master, since my mind wasn't quite sure what to call him smiled as I hung up the phone. I watched as he walked over and locked the door. Then, walking back to me told me to stand and walk to him. I was nervous. This was, after all, my first day back at my job.

"Derek, someone can knock and I've never locked the door." He smiled and walked over to me whispering I shouldn't worry until and if someone knocked on the door. His kiss wiped any care I had about someone knocking on the door, or walking in. My entire body responded instantly to his touch as if my thirst for this man could never be quenched. Kissing me for what seemed like hours, but in fact could only have been a moment or two, almost made me dizzy.

He stepped back and said, *"Now, pet, get your work done and I shall be back to collect you at 5:00. Is that quite suitable? Will you promise though to touch your nipples at 3:00 today and then call and tell me about it?"*

I'd have agreed to anything about that time, just to get this man out of my office so I could get to a meeting and get my brain in gear for a workday. He tweaked my nipples to hard points of need, and then unlocking the door walked out.

I raced to my desk reading reports, doing mail, answering e-mail and went to three morning meetings. After lunch and a quick workout in the office gym I had one more meeting at 4:00 and looking at my watch noticed it was 2:55. My nipples hardened at the thought of 3:00. Explaining to my secretary that I had e-mails to answer and the noise was bothering me I shut the door and walked back to my desk. The gold clock on my mahogany desk chimed 3:00 and my fingers touched the peaks of my breasts through the sheer thin fabric of my blouse. Looking down I could see the dark areolas as my nipples hardened and rubbed lightly against my bra. I pinched them harder wanting to moan with the pleasure of remembering Lord touching them. Reaching for the phone I punched the numbers in and rubbed and massaged my breasts through my blouse. I heard Lord answer the phone.

I watched the clock in pet's home chime 3:00 and at the same time the phone rang and I answered, "pet?" Her throaty yes Master gave me the answer that I wished of her state of body and mind. "pet, are your nipples throbbing for my touch? Can my pet feel that need spiraling from the tips of her hard nipples through her breasts, down her tummy to that secret place only I own?" Her yes was more of a plea and I knew my pet so well and loved her for her need of me.

I wanted her. I wanted her to obey every demand I placed on her body. I asked a few more questions to ascertain how safe she was in her office and for how long. She was safe. "pet, slide your skirt up so you can touch your pussy. I know you cannot push your fingers inside but just slide your index finger between your lips and massage the clit that I own. I do own your clit and pussy – right my pet?

Her whimpered, "yes, Master" was low and I could tell pet was massaging her clit – I whispered, "Is it wet? Are you hot and wet for me, pet? Will my pet come? Will you come for me wearing your beautiful business suit? Will you pet? Will you come for me, now?"

I heard her soft feminine whimper before she could say yes and knew her body was clenching in release. I loved the thought of her pussy tightening and throbbing at my command. But, I knew pet was at work and brought her back to her place.

“pet, listen to me. I want you to go to your next meeting and then I will be there to bring you home. And after our dinner – ravish time.”

I heard pet laugh and knew she had her senses back and would be fine for her meeting. We hung up and I lounged the afternoon away only taking out my laptop and logging into my office for an hour. DTS Communications was doing well. The day to day operations were, under my younger brother, Troy. I smiled at the thought that after dinner pet would do very well under me. I would enjoy picking her up after her last meeting.

My meeting went fine. Well, at least I was relaxed. I was amazed I could actually think. Luckily I breezed through the meetings without a hitch and walked out at 5:00 with my secretary, who had so many questions that I finally explained that he was really from DTS and that he was Derek Sutton. Then I had to explain that I didn't know who he was when I met him. Luckily he pulled up in front of us with the car before I had to continue trying to explain how I met the reclusive Derek Sutton.

I quickly opened the door and slid into the passenger seat, “Hi, uh, Lord? Derek? I'm kind of confused what to call you.”

“Well, since no one is around to hear you, what do you wish to call me, pet?”

“Hi, Lord.”

“Hello, my pet, how was your afternoon meeting with Carter Communications?”

I was shocked that he knew whom the meeting was with, and for some reason thought maybe he was one of those business spies! “Okay, just how did you know, and in all honesty did you meet me because of who I work for?”

Lord looked over at me and chuckled but then sounded angry, “Yes. I sabotaged your car, prior to your vacation, to stop outside Castlewood. Then I decided to have this torrential rain try to drown you. If you recall, it was you that came to me, pet. You do tend to confuse yourself, don't you?”

I was too embarrassed to look at him. My temper always did get in the way of my thinking through facts and I quickly looked out the window feeling like a complete idiot. I heard his voice take on an odd tone that I'd never heard before.

“pet, we have to have dinner with your employer and it will throw us into a realm of our relationship that we have not entered into before. There are a few things we shall keep between us. Oh, and after dinner when we get to your house I think we should do something for this transgression in lack of faith you had about our meeting.”

I wasn't sure what he meant, “Uh, do we have to?”

He smiled and chucked me under the chin explaining that we didn't have to do anything I didn't want to, but that he'd enjoy it. His hand rested on my thigh and squeezed it reassuringly - I relaxed against the car seat, wondering what would happen when we returned to my house.

CHAPTER 10

It was even more confusing when we walked into my house at 6:00 after the hour drive home. I threw my attaché case in the corner like I usually did and then didn't know what we should do next. He'd always said to be honest and this was so different then when we were at Castlewood. This was my reality, my work and home territory. I suddenly felt that he was out of place.

“Derek, I have to talk to you about a few things that aren't making any sense to me. If you've been hiding out at Castlewood, why did you accept a dinner invitation? All he'll want to do is get information from you. My reputation at work is very important to me and he won't understand what went on at Castlewood.”

I loved this part about pet. She did not fully understand what went on between us at Castlewood. I could see in her eyes she fathomed I would make some outlandish request in the middle of a business dinner, or speak with more of a gothic tone than usual. Well, pet was in for quite a surprise tonight and quite a few surprises in the next month.

“Let me understand fully, pet. You would prefer I do not tell Roger that aside from you being very efficient that you love to be dominated. You would prefer that I keep the conversation on work?”

I did notice that she had suddenly become agitated and constantly called me Derek. I didn't care for this, but since we did have a dinner in two hours I let it slide, since she needed to feel I was Derek and not Lord, or Master. Another transgression I would enjoy teaching her a penalty for.

“Well, Derek, now that you've put it that way I'm having second thoughts. Perhaps, I should call and cancel it. I'll say I'm sick.”

I was clearly annoyed, as I walked past pet. “Jessika, we have a dinner meeting in a little over an hour. I suggest you get yourself together. I agree that you have a reputation, as an administrator, to worry about. I have an entire corporation's reputation I worry about, as well as being the President of that corporation. I suggest you afford me the same courtesy and not embarrass me.”

I walked over to my suitcase and picked out a pair of slacks and a sports jacket. Turning to her I said, “Well, Jessika? Are you going to stand there or get ready?” I could see my tone and wording clearly had an effect on her.

“You're calling me, Jessika.”

I kept my back to her, “You keep calling me Derek.”

Her voice was almost a scared whisper, “Something is suddenly going wrong, and I don't know how to fix it.”

Turning to her I could see that she was clearly scared that there was something wrong between us. I did not want her to go to dinner worried, and I had not realized that she was this insecure. Sighing I opened my arms, “Jessika, pet, whatever I call you, or you call me, will never change that you belong to me. Come here.”

Pet, walked directly into my arms and hugged herself tightly to my body. Rubbing my hands up and down her back I could feel her shiver and she whispered, “I don't quite know what's the matter with me, I just don't want to suddenly do anything wrong.”

This doing right and doing wrong was a concept that was from insecurity and I did not want pet to be insecure, “Jessika, what we shall do from now on is that whenever we are discussing business I shall call you Jessika and you will refer to me as Derek. We will save pet, Master,

and Lord for those times when we are alone. We have two worlds we live in, and I think if we define them you shall feel easier with the idea. And, if you feel uncertain which one to use always use Derek - if I feel it is not the time to call me that I shall tell you, is that okay? Now, I have some calls to make and we have to get to that dinner.”

She looked up at me and her smile said it all to me. Leaning down I kissed her, showing just how much she belonged to only her Master.

I didn't want him to stop holding me and I didn't want to stop being kissed. I always felt safe in his arms. But when he pulled away from my lips I smiled up at him and said, "I'm just slightly confused and I think I'll go freshen up for dinner. But, since this isn't business yet and we're alone in my house I want to tell you that I'm glad you came to visit me, Lord."

I watched his fingers slowly move toward my nipples and then felt that feeling coursing through my body as he pinched the tips through my blouse. I wanted him. I wanted this man whether he was Derek Sutton, Master, Lord, or whoever.

I smiled when he said, "*Listen, pet. We really have to get ready or I am afraid that I will be overwhelmed with the feeling of having you under me and then you will have to call your boss and explain that we will not be able to make dinner because I am ravishing the company administrator.*"

Looking into his eyes I grinned, "Okay, back to normal. Derek, you go do phone calls. I have to re-freshen my make up and put on a different outfit. Okay?"

He laughed and walking to the living room called over his shoulder, "*Yes, Ms. Company Administrator. I will follow your order.*"

It was about a half hour later when I heard him call my name. I had stayed in my room where my desk is located. I finished the presentation I needed for the second round of meetings with Carter Communications. I hoped tonight I'd have a moment to talk to Mr. Chadwick about what we needed to do. I heard Lord call me again.

"pet, Jessika, we had better leave since it is 7:30 and we have a twenty minute drive. I should tell you that I dislike being late for anything."

Before he finished his next sentence I was standing in front of him. I was in a happy mood and teasingly saluted him, "Reporting for duty, Sir!" I looked at my watch, "Right on time, SIR!" I was

seeing a different side of Lord that I hadn't seen at Castlewood. He gazed into my eyes and answered, *"Well, then, kiss me quickly and get your pretty ass out to the car before I think of what a Master wants to do."* I felt it was in my best interest to comply and kissing him before he could reach for me I ran out the front door. It was only a moment when he walked out with his attaché case in his hand and said, "Jessika, I'm going to leave this in your car, incase I need anything from it tonight at Chadwick's. Do you have anything that you need to bring on a business level?"

I stood for a moment staring at him. His speech was suddenly using contractions. He never spoke using contractions and it always sounded so gothic. For a moment I wondered if he'd been playing games with me and said, "You're suddenly speaking using contractions." He walked past me to my car and still having the car keys got in behind the driver's seat. As I slid in to the passenger seat he said, *"My preference is not to use contractions. It's just something I prefer not to do and not something that I don't realize that I'm doing. I've always detested contractions, but when not at Castlewood or someone that I'm comfortable with then I use contractions - it's the common speech pattern."*

All I needed to hear was that he used it with me because he was comfortable with me. I don't know why I kept questioning his intentions. But now that I thought of it I had no idea what his intentions were, or how long he planned on staying. He'd only said he'd visit on the next full moon. I thought about asking but then didn't care, as long as he was with me now. Settling back against the passenger seat I smiled and said, "Lord, I have a lot to learn about you and shall try to be less confused. Okay?"

I liked his laugh as he said, *"pet, you have no idea what you have done to me since that first moment I opened my door and you said, please I need some assistance. I have quite a bit still to learn about you. Shall we start after dinner when we get back to your house?"*

Smiling as we pulled into the Chadwick's driveway I gazed at Lord and said, "Yes, Lord, I think that timing shall work out just perfectly."

A few minutes later we were in Roger's living room having a glass of wine. I'd never been invited to Roger's home before and was quite surprised at how comfortable and rustic the décor was. I was looking around when he said, "Jessika, what would you like to drink? A Chardonnay? A Merlot?"

I didn't want to answer the wrong wine and answered with a question – "A Merlot would be good?"

Roger laughed, "I don't know, that's why I'm asking you? Is that a yes, Merlot. Or, I don't know what to answer, Merlot?"

I smiled, “A definite, yes, Merlot!” I didn’t want to sound stupid so decided that I’d just pretend this was business and I made the decisions without anyone else deciding. I turned to look at Derek and he was smiling at me, when he said, “*Good, choice. I’ll have one of the same.*”

The conversation was light and not very informative until after dinner when we were having coffee in the living room. Then it seemed Roger and Derek squared off for heavy questions with Roger initiating them by asking, “So, Derek, what’s brought you out of being reclusive up the coast, and to dinner?”

Derek smiled and took a sip of wine, “A drive to see Jessika, and as I recall you asked us to dinner. Other than that, I’d rather be back up the coast being reclusive.”

“I can understand wanting to be reclusive – that’s why I very seldom, if ever, invite anyone into my home. Have you kept up on a company called Carter Communications?”

I was beginning to get nervous and started fidgeting, nearly spilling my wine. I quickly made sure I had a good grip on the glass when Derek slid closer to me on the couch. Placing his arm around me he quietly said, “*Jessika, perhaps you should take a sip and relax. Everything will be fine.*” If Roger thought that was an odd statement he never raised an eyebrow, or made any comment when Derek continued to answer about Carter.

Derek answered, “I keep up to date on everything and have fairly good sources. Of course, all sources have a % of non-reliability with rumors, etc. - but from what I’ve been told they’re trying to take over your company - whether you want it or not. Do you want a merger with Carter?”

This conversation was clearly out of my league and I nearly drank my glass of wine straight down. I felt Derek taking the glass out of my hand and placing my hand through his arm - he patted it, silently telling me to keep it there.

Roger lifted his glass saluting Derek then said, “Your sources know more than most, including the news sources. I’ve kept it under very tight closure, but you’re right, they’re very aggressively trying to put me in a position that I’m forced to sell. They think that because I own my company 100% that they can buy me out. Actually, they made a comment that your company was next. They want to grow through acquisitions. Would you ever sell?”

Derek laughed, "I don't want to be that much of a recluse. We're quite solid and there's no reason to even entertain the idea of selling. Jessika, do you think I should sell?"

Jessika didn't hesitate, "Hell, no, you shouldn't sell. Neither of you should sell. You both built your companies from scratch and you'd let some stupid public company try and bully you into selling?"

Roger smiled - Derek grinned answering, "Well, I guess that let's us know where she stands on the sale of our respective companies. Just so you know, Roger, I have no intention of joining forces with Carter. Now, I think Jessika and I need to be leaving. I have to leave tomorrow and need to get an early start. It's been nice to finally meet you, and if you need anything to hold Carter off don't hesitate to contact my brother, Troy. He'll contact me immediately."

In the car Jessika was quietly looking out the window and hadn't said anything.

"pet, why are you so silent? It was just a casual fact finding and actually I found that I liked Roger. He's honest, hardworking and I'll assume a nice man to work for."

I could easily see that pet was quite annoyed, but for the first time I was not sure if it was the meeting with her boss, or that I had stated I was leaving in the morning. Although I did find staying with pet wonderful, the need to be back at Castlewood was beginning to seep into my being. I longed for the solitude of the halls and gardens. I wanted to be in my study where I could research different matters, and to sleep in my own bedroom. I could feel that pet was having quite a difficult time adjusting to two completely different lives. Perhaps I misjudged that she could give up everything and move to Castlewood. Time would tell what pet would do. For now I would move slowly with suggestions and bide my time until such a suggestion would be well received. Again, I asked her why she was quiet and could see that she was about to cry.

"I looked like a complete idiot! I didn't even bring in my presentation to show him. I didn't know about Carter trying to take over. I didn't even know who you were. I didn't know you had a brother. I didn't know Carter was trying to take over the company I work for. I didn't know what wine to drink. I stuttered. I nearly spilled my wine. I didn't even thank him for having me over to dinner...."

It was at that point I realized that my question opened a floodgate of insecurity. I had to quell her tirade on herself, before she went into her insecurity full throttle.

“pet, you did not do anything wrong by not having the presentation. You were not to know Carter was trying to take over, since Roger clearly stated he was keeping it confidential. You would have known who I am, since I was about to tell you that I own DTS Communications. You would also have known I had a brother. Wine is a chore to choose. You did not stutter at all and did not spill your wine. I thanked him for both of us, as I should as your Master. I think I have now covered everything other than I felt you did fine and that is all that should matter to you. I assume my opinion of you is all that does still matter to you, or do I now need to compete with others for what you care about?”

Finally, she sighed and closed her eyes whispering, “Yes, actually, it seems that all I care about is what you think. But, you’re leaving tomorrow and I guess it will be over then?”

pet can be quite exasperating at times “pet, you do recall you had mentioned you have another two weeks of vacation at the end of this week? You do recall you only had to return to work for this week, before you could leave for another two weeks? Was that the truth, or fabrication? If it was the truth I am going to assume you are driving up the coast at the end of this week. And, if that is so, then why are you assuming that this, as you call it, will be over now, or then, or ever?”

I was quite glad that we were walking into her house when she asked me, “Is it over?”

“Yes, Jessika, dinner is over and we are at your home. Now I am quite tired of this conversation of over, or not over, pet. You have insulted me with your lack of faith. I am going to strip out of this business suit. You shall strip and come back to the living room where you shall stand in the doorway until I give you permission to enter. Do you understand? Or do you need me to repeat it?”

The conversation at dinner kept repeating in my mind. I still didn’t know what was going on with Lord, and why he had to leave early. I’d thought he’d be here for at least a week. But, then I wouldn’t get work done and I did have two weeks scheduled to start Saturday. Removing my clothes I stood in front of the mirror gazing at my reflection. Wondering where this was all going and what after two weeks with him? How would I leave and come back here to work. Would I just kiss him goodbye and say something like see you around when you come out of being a recluse? And what now? Was I supposed to walk into the living room stark ass naked?

Stark ass naked I walked into pet’s bedroom when she had not returned in an ample amount of time. I knew my pet well enough to know she was fretting over things that were of no

importance. Turning to me I admonished her but not heavily, “pet, we seem to have a misunderstanding of where you are to be standing naked for me. Be that as it may, you look quite wonderful standing where you are in front of the mirror.”

Walking closer to her I moved a chair in front of the mirror - pet watched every move I was making. Sitting down in the chair and holding out my hand to her I was quite pleased when she didn't hesitate, but placed her hand in mine. I do believe she thought she was to sit on my lap because her gasp of surprise when I caught her off balance turning her so she was lying over my lap on her tummy. Before she could ask I started to rub my hand gently but firmly over her nice ass, “pet, you do recall I stated after dinner that you had a punishment?”

I didn't wait for her answer and my hand lifted and came down quite gently but enough to make a nice smack on her ass. I could tell she was quite uncomfortable with this situation and I would never allow for her to be upset with anything being done to her body. “pet, relax, put your trust in me and relax into the feelings – even my hand slapping on your beautiful ass. From now on are you going to be my good girl?” SMACK – my hand made more of a noise than it actually could have hurt but her whimper made me rub and caress her bottom.

She finally answered slowly, “Yes, Lord. I do try to be good.”

I answered her, “Then relax and it will be over in a few minutes when you learn to listen to your Master.” I slid my fingers lower between her legs massaging her. Feeling her body relaxing I again smacked her on the ass and repeated it for about five good slaps. When she whispered on her own that she would be good and that she promised I answered, “Yes, from now on you will be a good girl. You will never doubt me. You will never question my motives toward you. You will in all respects follow what I want of you because it is for your own good.” Again and again I repeated spanking her until my hand was leaving a nice flush on her bottom. She was wiggling slightly, but holding her firmly in place I continued on and on until she was pleading that she would be good. At the point she was breathing hard and about to cry I quickly changed position pulling her onto my lap and holding her tightly to me, “pet, do not cry. It did not hurt you. For now, that will suffice and we shall go to sleep. I was very careful and you actually deserved quite a more extensive spanking. Are our truly okay? Or, are you truly in pain and I shall rush you to the hospital and explain to them in great detail what happened to your pretty backside.” pet, started laughing and without her thinking it through, she actually, and quite hard smacked me on the arm.

Laughing at the thought of Lord speaking in his gothic speech pattern trying to explain to an emergency room nurse why my ass was red was hysterical, “Yes, Lord, let’s go to the emergency room - I’d really like to hear you explain what happened to my butt!” I was laughing all the while he carried me to the bed and then realized that I had quite punched him in the arm. I thought it best not to mention it since I was quite snuggled now under the man I needed to be with. I still wanted to question him about our future, but I didn’t want to insult him that his explanation wasn’t clear. He’d seemed aggravated earlier, when he spoke about here and Castlewood, as if I wasn’t getting a point that he could clearly see.

I could clearly see pet needed me. Her body always snuggled against mine and the possession in me to own her body surfaced with extreme need. Pinning her arms quite wide above her head I held her firmly pinned beneath my body. Taking my time I pressed against her...softly kissing her into a state of complete submission to me. pet tried to free her wrists from my grasp but in a moment she submitted fully to me. Relaxing she spread her thighs, as she was taught. “Good girl, my pet. Open wide for me. Tonight is mine to take you. Tonight is mine to own you.” Her whispered yes, Master, was music in the silent room - I pushed my cock deeply into the depths of her body, that I owned and cherished. I could feel her entire being, as it craved in heat more of my movements within her. Her body melted into my movements and her breasts were soft and crushed against my chest. Not letting go of her wrists I could feel her nails digging into my hand as her body neared release. I could see it in her expression, “pet, open your eyes and let me see your need.” pet, was visibly in need of release and feeling compassion for my pet I arched my back...pulled her arms higher so she was stretched under my body as it pinned hers. Then she whimpered and I caught her whispered gasp of pleasure with my lips. I kissed her deeply but gently, as her body climaxed and I owned her completely until she fell asleep. Morning would come soon and for now I wanted pet safely held in my arms for the night. All else and explanations could wait until the morning light. For, now, she slept in my arms, where she truly belonged.

Chapter 11

I just finished telling a co-worker the rumor she’d heard belonged in the trash. It suddenly seemed all the company spoke about was being sold, taken over, or acquired. Four days had past since Derek had left for Castlewood. It seemed ever since he left the company phones hadn’t stopped ringing with attorneys from Carter Communications wanting meetings. Things seemed as if they were getting worse and worse. I had no way of calling Derek. I was now very agitated and not sleeping but crying most of the night. That morning he left was quite a chore to deal with. I had woken up after

feeling so safe in his arms where I felt I truly belonged to find him completely dressed. “Lord, are you leaving already? Isn’t this too fast for you to be leaving? I’m not sure you should leave.”

I knew I sounded insecure and he came over and sat on the edge of the bed, *“pet, I really have a few things I need to discuss with my brother. I also have to get out of the city before the morning commute traffic. I do recall saying I could only venture down here for a week, so this is not too fast to be leaving. I do have to leave. All you need is to count six days and on the seventh drive up the coast. You are going to drive up the coast on the seventh day, are you not?”*

I answered yes and somehow he left. Looking back it seemed like he vanished into the air but I think I fell asleep for a few moments when he was stroking my hair. He could always relax me into a secure and safe sleep.

By the fourth day at work, Thursday, the rumors were turning to fact when Sally in accounting told me that revenue was getting tight fighting the underhanded way Carter Communications was dealing with being turned down. They had convinced one of our advertising sponsors that our company wasn’t solvent and it would look badly if they sponsored a company that would have to declare bankruptcy. I was shocked when I took the call that the company was pulling their ad. I tried to explain that the company was quite solvent and actually making a small profit. Hanging up the phone I quickly went to Roger’s office. He waved me in to take a seat and I was more shocked when I heard him saying, “Yes, Derek, I agree that would be the best move I can make. I agree it is the only move that makes sense and will put this all to rest. Actually, she just walked into my office so if I may take the liberty of sending her with the papers I’ll have her leave tomorrow rather than this weekend. Would that be okay for your schedule?”

I was shocked! I’d no idea how to call Lord, and here he was talking to my boss like they had plans. His schedule – what about my schedule! I butted in, “I have a presentation to do – I shouldn’t leave before Sunday!” Roger just waved his hand in the air like I shouldn’t worry about anything so trivial. I could feel my temper starting to rise when he tried to hand me the phone saying, “You’re just in time to get the papers to Derek – here he needs to speak with you.”

I didn’t take the phone right away and he finally waved it in the air, “Jessika? Derek needs to speak with you?”

I reached for the phone and put it to my ear but still didn’t say anything until Roger raised his eyebrow in question, “Derek? Jessika, here. What is it that you need that I have to leave two days early from my job?”

“you, pet. I need you and would always take you two days early, or forever. But, your boss - and I assume he has been a good boss since you have worked there for over ten years needs assistance and you are the only person I shall allow into my home. There are urgent papers I need to review and we do not trust DHL or any other method of transportation. I suggested you as the only person I would allow to bring them to me. Now, pet, is your temper that I can feel through the telephone subsiding slightly?”

I laughed, “Yes, slightly. I’ll make arrangements to leave as soon as possible.” I was about to hang up when he said, *“I would suggest you take my phone number incase your car breaks down. I would prefer it only break down where I can be of assistance.”*

I immediately went to my desk and called my friend, Marnie, “I’m going up the coast in the morning.”

Marnie laughed, “OH NO! Not back into your dog collar mode. Jessika, maybe you need some distance in this relationship? Is it called a relationship? Or is it some type of run up the coast at all weird times of the year? Okay, I’ll be serious and yes, of course I’ll water the plants and take care of your house. Have a nice time, or a strange time. AND call me so I know you aren’t chained to a wall too long, or whatever you two do!”

I hung up and made arrangements to stop by the office in the morning to pick up the papers and then drive up the coast.

I needed to make arrangements for her drive up the coast to visit Castlewood. I had such plans for my pet to have a relaxing two weeks with me, but now business would intrude and had be dealt with. It would be interesting to see how pet would react to being taken to my company. But, for now, I had new toys to purchase and an outfit that I wanted my pet to wear. I would be waiting for her knock on the doors of Castlewood.

Chapter 12

I woke this particular morning with the sensation of expectation. I immediately quelled such feelings, for I knew that expectation and failure run hand in hand, if not planned for and controlled. I also woke this particular morning to wait for pet’s arrival and for the papers that would change her world, as she had known it and worked within it. It would be a shock to my pet, and pet never seemed to handle shocking things without suffering insecurities of some sort.

I had refrained from asking Roger if pet was indeed as efficient in the work place as she seemed. At times I could not fathom pet doing presentations or working at the level within a corporation that she had attained. pet seemed, at times to me, as if she could not oversee her own life, much less the company's many international offices. I had a lot to learn about my pet. I would find out in the next two weeks what she was actually capable of handling in business. And, in her own life what she would be willing to give up. For now I was going to have a cup of coffee and later, over the next few days, things would come to pass.

I'd turned off at the pass nearing the cliffs that would wind the way to the large Victorian house called Castlewood. I was again driving the seven hours, almost without stopping and was tired. As I pulled up outside the large stone structure I could see the light on in the one tower. I smiled at the thought of that tower and noticed the lawn was still wild, but that a path had been mowed to the front steps. Again, the black, iron gates didn't want to let anyone enter, but using my shoulder to push against them I was soon standing in front of the solid oak doors. Reaching for the brass knocker I again, as I had in the past, knocked three times. It was a few moments but then the doors of Castlewood slowly opened and there he stood with his jet-black hair, hazel eyes and candle. He didn't say anything for a moment, then stepped back opening the door wider, "*Well, it appears that we have danced this dance before - you are welcome to enter Castlewood. Come to the parlor.*"

Entering the parlor I noticed it had a large fire burning in the old stone fireplace. He sat down on the couch and from a large silver coffee pot poured two cups of hot chocolate. I smiled, "I seem to be having déjà vu."

His gaze over my body sent sensations running through my entire being as he said, "*Ah, yes, as am I. The hot cocoa that you had thought was laced with drugs for me to have my way with you in the tower?*"

"Lord, I'm really sorry I'd thought that but you were very strange to me at that time." I reached for the cocoa and continued, "So much has transpired since that time. I understand you, I think."

She understands me – she thinks. Ah, how my pet always makes a statement and then adds the caveat, incase she is wrong. Well, pet didn't understand me but after the next few days she would. I too, would gain an understanding of how much pet would give up, in order to have what she wanted.

Reaching for the cup of cocoa I stood up holding out my hand to her, "pet, come with me?"

pet looked unsure but answered, “Okay, Lord, where?”

“Why, pet, you should have guessed the answer to that. I am taking you to the tower. And, my dear, once we are there I have all intentions of shall we say truly ravishing you.” I smiled at the look of pure insecurity in her eyes.

As pet stood up she smiled, and placing her hand in mine we walked toward the stairway. At the bottom of the stairs I turned to her, as I had so many weeks ago, “Now would be the time to walk toward the door, if you have any doubts. But, I can assure you that even if you have doubts you should ignore them - follow me.” pet took a step toward the stairs and we walked hand in hand to the tower.

At the tower door I felt her pace slowing - I slowed my pace giving her time to either stop, or continue. I was surprised when she stopped walking and visibly seemed frightened. “Jessika, you had my oath then, and you have it now. I shall never harm you in any manner. I shall keep you safe. If you ever want anything to end you only need to say the word morning. Although, since it is afternoon I think the word “stop” would suffice. Now, what is it that makes you hesitant?”

I was quite taken back thinking that she was afraid of my actions. I did not realize it that it was her actions that had her worried. “Lord, what if you don’t like me the way you apparently did last time? What if it doesn’t work?”

Ah, yes, the insecurity raged in full force and effect just beneath her surface of self assurance. “Then, let us sit on the steps for a moment and think this through. You were here a few weeks ago and we did find that the experience let us say, for the moment, satisfactory?” When pet nodded in affirmation I continued, “I found it exceedingly wonderful to the point I found that I would never want another woman in my life. I drove from my estate back into the world to seek out that woman. Then, having to return here I found that I wanted her to return with me, and luckily for me she is here. Are the facts correct, so far?” pet was looking at the ground, but nodded vigorously. Therefore, I knew it was time to end her silliness.

We were sitting on the step and turning her toward me I pulled her into a tight embrace. Quietly stroking her hair I held her until I felt her relaxing. I gently kissed her cheek, her nose, and did nothing else other than continue to hold her. Then, standing up I held out my hand to her and opened the door to the tower.

Once inside the room I again felt her hesitate, as she gazed around the tower. I smiled, “And, that pet, is a wall, and this here is the table on which as I recall you were quite comfortable. She smiled that smile that drew me to her the first day she had asked for help. I was stunned as she walked over to me and said, “Lord, I never knew I could need a man the way I need you in my life.”

I was not sure for a moment how to answer her declaration but did not want to frighten her with the future I had in mind for her. I helped her onto the table and leaned over to strap her wrists and legs. Then, whispered in her ear, “As I need you pet, Mine!”

“Last time you feared the blindfold. This time you will feel safe. You are mine to cherish. You are mine to take care of. You are mine to pleasure, and to pleasure my being with. Is this not true?”

As my pet answered yes, her world went black as the blindfold took its place over her beautiful eyes.

Blackness engulfed the daylight, but I felt calm, as if this was where I belonged. I'd no idea why walking into this room had seemed so frightening. Lying here seemed comfortable. I could hear Lord moving around the room. Then I heard his whispered words of possession and I felt my body relaxing, as if I now lived for his words and touch. Again, I heard his whispering that one word that seemed to mesmerize me into trance – Mine...Mine. My eyes closed behind the blindfold and I felt my breathing deepen keeping pace with his whispering that one word over and over. His lips were kissing mine...he wasn't touching me...just his lips. My arms were stretched above my head...my legs wide apart and hooked to the bottom “X” of the table. I couldn't move...didn't want to. His lips were sensual. His lips kissed my neck lower over my flesh toward my naked breasts. I knew this time what I wanted. I knew this time what I needed, that only this man could give me.

I could and would give this woman anything and everything she ever needed. Her skin was smooth and tasted fresh...clean...soft. I cherished her taste on my lips...savored it. The need to possess her became almost palatable, as my lips touched upon her nipple. I had many plans for this tasty morsel but for now sucked gently on it. My fingers slid over her other peaked tip...pinching it. Ah, the soft moan I was waiting to hear from her lips.

“Feel everything, my pet...feel it and need it, as only I will ever give it to you.”

Kissing my way over her softness I moved around the table where I could easily stand and have access to the place I wanted most to taste. Before proceeding I whispered to her, "My cherished possession, do you wish that I stop?"

I held back laughter at her questioned, "Stop?"

"Yes, pet, stop –as if in your safe-word to end what I am doing to you. Do you wish it that I now stop, or continue?"

"Lord, please don't stop. Please continue forever and ever."

I smiled before continuing and whispered, "Mine...forever and forever is a very long time, but I shall always do as you wish. Forever mine you shall be."

Gently sucking on her clit she was mine. I could feel it in the small movements the restraints allowed. Her breathing was rhythmic with my sucking...kissing...licking. Her body lived for me and me alone, as it should be. The warmth between her legs was vibrant, where she ached for fulfillment and my finger slid into her wetness. Her body tried to arch, but the waist restraint held her firmly in place. My tongue played a hypnotic dance on her clit while I gently fingered her tight depth. I could feel her body tightening and as her whimpers became heated panting of need I whispered the release she needed to hear.

"Now, my beauty, give me your entire world. Yes, like that. I feel you climaxing." Removing my finger I leaned lower and licked her. I would never give this woman up. She did not know that fact, but I needed to taste her and lick her forever and ever, as my pet worded it.

Sensations felt as if they would go on forever and ever until, I finally felt him kissing his way up my body. It felt pleasurable, as he trailed kisses on his way over my breasts - finally to gently kiss me. When the blindfold was removed I was gazing directly into those eyes that had mesmerized me the first day we met. I didn't know what to say to him, and then I wasn't sure that I was suppose to say anything without being told I could speak.

He smiled down at me and said, "What?"

I didn't mean to say it to him...I wasn't sure why I even said it, but I whispered, "Lord, I love you."

He was staring at me like he didn't understand what I'd said. I was beginning to get nervous because he'd no reaction. His eyes conveyed nothing and he kept staring into my eyes, as if looking for the truth. Finally, he asked, "And is this forever and ever, pet?" I wanted to answer yes, but he hadn't said he loved me, or anything. I started feeling foolish that I'd even stated it to him and I answered, "I think so, it does seem so."

I was not sure of why pet stated things that she then took back in the next sentence she said, so I questioned her more.

"Ah, my pet first says that she loves me. Then she thinks it is so because it may appear that way to her."

Her immediate insecurity was evident when she said, "Are you angry now?"

I did not want this session to end on insecurity, "pet, let me take a moment with you. Not that you have a choice, since after all, you are quite still restrained on the table. You had quite stated to me in a very clear and sure voice that you quite loved me. Is this not true?" At least pet said yes to that question or we would have been there quite a long time. "And, I then asked you if it was the wording you use of forever and ever. Then somewhere between sentence one and sentence two you felt it may just be in appearance rather than feeling. So, my possession, we shall make this easy and yes, or no questions. Do you love me? Yes?"

pet answered "yes, but not if you don't want me to."

pet can be quite annoying at times. I clearly instructed her for a yes, or no answer, and not her damn qualifying sentences.

My voice did not show my annoyance and I gently asked, "pet, you apparently did not understand me clearly. This is the second time and it is a yes or no answer required. Do you love me? Yes?" I had no idea why this caused so much hesitation, but I could see something was clearly not right. "pet, wait, do not answer that for a moment."

I removed all the restraints and picking her up walked to a large chair. I sat down with her securely on my lap. "Now, my own pet, I am assuming there is something that is making you give to me your answer, then, quickly you qualify it. A thing you seem to do quite a bit and that quite drives me to distraction, but we will deal with it. So, we have a simple question of do you love me, that I would like only a yes or no answer. pet, do you love me?"

Her reply was so low I was not sure that I had heard it correctly, "That was a yes, I hope?"

When she answered I knew in an instant the entire problem to this issue, "You hoped I'd say yes? Yes, Lord, it is yes!"

"pet, I would certainly not waste my time with you, if I ever wanted that answer to be no, that you do not love me. Therefore, no more questions for this afternoon. I am taking your yes that you love me. And to your yes, on your behalf, I shall add to it that you shall forever. Now, sleep for a while and when you wake we shall return to the lower floors."

There was much to be done but it could wait until tomorrow. For this evening I had plans. I felt her relaxing and in a moment she was deep in sleep. I held her tightly to me knowing what she wanted to hear from me the words that I still withheld. All in good time...for now we would rest.

Chapter 13

I woke up early evening in his bedroom. It felt comfortable and familiar, but Lord was not in bed with me. I found a note on the pillow next to me, *"Do not be late for dinner, which shall be in the formal dining room at 8:00 P.M. Wear the gown and the other garments. I shall wait for you in the dining room."*

I walked to the table and was stunned at the beautiful rich maroon velvet gown. There was a maroon garter belt, gray stockings and quite an odd bra. Odd and rather sexy since the nipple area was absent. I wasn't quite sure I'd wear it but then thought of his note saying to wear the garments. After a hot shower I walked back to the table and dressed.. I realized there weren't any panties and wasn't sure if he'd forgotten, or I wasn't suppose to wear any. Then I noticed a box on the table with my name handwritten on the top. Opening it I found a beautiful necklace.

I wasn't quite sure who was looking back at me from the mirror. The gown fit perfectly...low cut...off my shoulders. Even I had to admire the way my breasts were pushed up so the cleavage was easy to view. The gown had a thin gold chain belt that draped around my waist. I thought I looked a little too fat in it and way too gothic. But, glancing around my surroundings this was, after all, Lord's domain and he seemed at times from a previous century. Glancing at the clock I walked out of the room toward the long staircase to the main floor. Looking down I carefully held onto the oak banister to make sure I didn't trip.

I watched as pet walked down the stairs cautiously looking at each step while gripping the banister like she would fall. I stood quietly so she would not be disturbed on her journey to me. As she stepped onto the ground floor I walked to her and held out my arm. pet stood gazing at me like I was an apparition, “pet, you simply need to breath and place your hand onto my arm. You shall find that it is not that difficult a task, truly.” Ah, she slowly placed her hand onto my arm and I walked with her into the formal dining room.

As I pulled out the chair for her to sit down she looked at me and said, “Lord, this is quite wonderful. You look rather dashing. I don’t quite understand what we will be doing.”

I smiled as she sat down and I pushed her seat to the table. “Well, my pet, it is quite a simple thing to understand. We are eating dinner. Simple as that...for now.” I leaned down and kissed her bare shoulder...lingering to savor the scent of the lavender soap I had left in the bathroom. Then, rather then sitting at the head of the table I sat down in the chair next to her, leaving the other 19 chairs lined up around the long dining table in place. I did notice pet looking at all the chairs, “pet, do you have a chair question?” I had to explain that I did not have guests to dinner but the table could not be purchased without the 20 chairs and having only two at this length of a table would seem quite out of place.” pet seemed to understand, which was amazing, since pet usually tacked on three questions to any answer of mine.

I had decided that tonight we shall have quite, as you would say, a normal evening of dinner and dancing in the ballroom.

I smiled at Lord and didn’t tell him that not many people would find eating dinner in this type of dining room, after being in a tower normal. Nor, would they find dancing in a ballroom, after dinner, your normal casual date. I took a sip of wine and laughed out loud when Lord lifted the top of a beautiful Royal Dalton China serving dish to find my favorite spaghetti. “Lord, I can’t believe we are dining this formally and you are serving my favorite spaghetti dish.”

“Ah, well, pet...first, I do not find this formal and as you are my cherished possession you shall dine on what you like the best. What I like the best shall be done later this evening. We shall say we have a win-win, do you not think so?”

I smiled, “Yes, Lord, I agree.” I wasn’t quite sure about all of this but began to enjoy it. Glancing around the dining room I liked the oil paintings of forest and deer, or other animals in them, “Lord, I

like your paintings and especially I like that there are no hunters in them, or anything mean. I assume you don't allow hunters on this property? How large is this property?"

We were almost done eating so I answered, "I do not care for hunting animals and it is well known that on my property all hunting is prohibited." I enjoyed the shocked look on pet's face when I answered her question that this estate was 400 acres of property. I did not feel it would be a good time to explain that I owned the town we were in. I had found that too much knowledge seemed to confuse her and that would lead to more of her questions.

I knew Lord was different from the men I'd met when he'd opened the door but I never imagined that he owned that much property. I was lucky I could afford my small house. I hoped it wouldn't matter, "Lord, I only own a small home. We seem to have many things that may conflict." I knew I said something wrong the way he clamped his jaws. Lord never showed much expression but he had one small vein on the side of his jaw that pulsed if he was distraught. His voice didn't sound upset as told me that we had very little that would conflict and if we did then he would take care of it. "But, Lord, how can we possibly blend my one small home not even on a fraction of an acre compared to 400 acres!" I laughed when he said he'd buy my home and then I'd have no acreage to worry about comparing. Lord stood up and we walked down a hallway we'd never been down until we came to a door.

Lord opened the door and I stepped into a ballroom complete with very high ceiling, ornate chandeliers and wall mirrors. *"Before you tell me this is rather too much, I agree. It was here when I purchased Castlewood and I could not help but have it restored to its former elegance but added the mirrors and the stereo system. I very seldom open this door but for tonight I wanted to."*

At the far end of the room was a stereo that seemed as if it started upon command. Lord saw the shocked look on my face when the music started and laughed when he told me he had the remote switch in his pocket. I was further shocked that instead of some gothic waltz a slow song by Celine Dion played. He held out his arm to me and this time without hesitation I placed my hand on it and we walked to the complete center of the room.

The moment we walked to the center I placed my hand on the small of her back. Taking a small step forward I gazed down into pet's eyes and smiled, "Do not be nervous my possession, I am rather a good dancer." pet had thought that I would hold my other hand in a formal dance

position, but taking her hand I placed it on my chest - the song began. At first my pet was nervous, but as soon as I began gently rubbing her back she relaxed, moving with me to the music. I could tell by her smile that this was all like magic to her. I could see her watching us in the mirror, as I danced with her around the center of the room. It was rather a formal ballroom – but now it seemed perfect.

I could always tell when pet had something she wanted to ask, “Yes, pet, what?”

“This is all so beautiful, like I’m asleep dreaming that I’m in a fairy tale, but what happens when I wake up?”

“Well, my dreaming pet, when you wake up I shall guarantee that I am not a toad and that we shall have breakfast, before we travel to the office for a meeting. For now, we dance. Am I not a good dancer?”

pet, of course, answered that I am truly a wonderful dancer and for another half hour or so we danced – until we danced close to the wall mirror, which is where I stopped. pet, looked up at me and I stepped back from her, “Do not move.” Removing a long black scarf from my pocket I instructed pet to put her arms in back of her where I secured her wrists together. Then, slowly I unbuttoned each pearl button, on the front of her ball gown, down to her waist. Her nipples looked delectable pushing through the open tipped bra. I could see her watching the mirror reflecting how my fingers touched and flicked the tender tips of her breasts. I felt the need to squeeze and pinch them until they burned and she felt slight pain through her entire breasts. I watched her reflection and could easily gauge the pressure. Slowly we danced watching me pulling her nipples as we danced. Suddenly and rather interrupting to my trend of thoughts the large Grandfather Clock chimed midnight. I realized my pet looked tired and stepping back I smiled at her, “Leave the dress as it is. We must retire to the bedroom. Tomorrow will be here rather shortly and we have a full day ahead.” I knew my pet could not help from asking what kind of a day. I repeated, “Why, I believe I already stated a full day. Now, walk with me.”

At the bedroom door I could feel her hesitate and laughed, “Do you have a fear of doors? You hesitate at every door, as if someone is lying in wait to pounce on you. I can assure you the only one in Castlewood who delights in pouncing is me.” We entered and I was in bed by the time pet got done undressing and removing makeup – of which I do not think she needed makeup anyway. She moved into my arms and said, “I’m ready now Lord.” I smiled and chuckled, “Well, my possession, I am glad you are always ready for me, but tonight we sleep.

But, for tomorrow night? Now, that shall be quite a different story. Does that sound good to you?” pet snuggled closer and before I could ask the next question I could hear she was quite asleep and safe. Mine.

Chapter 14

The following morning I woke up finding Lord was not in the bedroom. Getting out of bed I noticed the door to the next room open and heard Lord whistling – something that I’d never heard him do. Walking into the next room I was quite shocked to see him dressed in a business suit, drinking a cup of coffee, while reading the Wall Street Journal. He looked up at me, *“Hello my possession, come join me for coffee. Would you prefer to first get dressed and then return to this morning room for some hot coffee?”*

Sitting in my nightgown while he was dressed in a business suit made me uncomfortable so I answered that I would get dressed. It took me only a short time to get dressed, put on makeup and when I returned he was still relaxed and having another cup of coffee. He looked so handsome and masculine in his suit that for a few moments I just stood in the doorway gazing at him, until he said, *“pet, why not come and sit at the table – or, are you going to stand in the doorway and gaze at me?”* I was embarrassed that he’d caught me and I quickly answered – *“I wasn’t gazing, I was checking out your business suit and quite surprised at how nice it is.”* I noticed that Lord raised an eyebrow but he didn’t answer. I was in a very nervous mood and had no idea what we were going to do today. I liked to always start the morning reviewing what I was going to be doing during the day and that way I’d be prepared.

Walking into the room and sitting down I poured a cup of coffee, *“Lord, I want to know what we’re doing today, whom we shall meet, and what our goals are.”* I noticed that Lord put down the newspaper and looked at me, so I continued, *“My preference when doing a business day is to know what’s expected. Additionally, I like to know what’s pending, so I can mentally review what steps I need to do to accomplish the tasks.”* Lord was clearly paying attention to me, but sat back in his chair and took a sip of coffee before he answered me. *“pet, is this all to be accomplished before breakfast? Or, do we review later in the office? I would think that this now the time to have an enjoyable cup of coffee with scones and then go to the office. During the drive we can relax, or start this review of yours. Or, we can wait until we get to my office where I usually do all that you have asked. My preference when home is to relax - but if you need to have my breakfast table become an office that will be fine, for this first time only.”*

I thought about it for a moment and this morning seemed to be starting out very confusing, “For this time only? Are there to be more times?”

I’d expected an answer and was shocked when Lord smiled and pushed back his chair. He slowly walked around the table to me and I wasn’t sure if he was actually walking toward me or stalking me. He stood directly in back of me and then leaning forward whispered in my ear, “*There are to be many times, doing many things, many ways, on many days, during many months, for years and years. Now, my pet, do you wish to review, or have that cup of coffee with me?*”

If I wasn’t sitting I would have fainted, and whispered, “Coffee, Lord.”

pet indeed answered correctly and we proceeded to have our coffee without any more distractions. After breakfast I gathered the necessary papers and we walked out the front door together. That was the first time I had exited Castlewood with someone at my side and the moment was not lost to my thoughts. A lot had changed since that first eve when she entered Castlewood. We walked to the side of the house and I heard her intake of breath as we walked toward my black pickup truck. I laughed, “pet, I hope you do not dislike my favorite truck?” pet did not answer but slowly climbed up into the passenger seat and I closed the door. Once on the road I knew I should start to discuss business but asked, “My precious, under that very beautiful skirt do I find stockings, or those horrid pantyhose things?” The wicked grin that pet gazed over at me with answered my question quite well without the need for words.

“Well, we have a twenty minute drive and this is a private road, why not show me exactly what you can do with the vibrator I placed for your pleasure in the console?”

pet did not hesitate at all and taking out her vibrator that I had put in the car she leaned back, slid up her skirt and smiled at me. I pulled the truck over to the side of the road and parked. “Here my pet, close your eyes and relax.” Within a moment I was sliding the vibrator in and out of her pussy.” I could tell she was nervous since she kept gazing at the road, “pet, when I said the road is private I meant that we are still on my estate – it is my road. Mine.” She closed her eyes trusting me with her feelings. Leaning further over the console I kissed her...her body spiraled to the vibrations going through her. “Now, pet, let it all spiral and spin and give me your body.” I kissed the relaxed sigh from her lips as her pussy clamped tightly onto the vibrator, as if it were me inside of her. “That is the way I want you, pet...mine...do it for me, now. Give me all that you are and need to be. Cum for me.” In a moment her being shivered and her hand held tightly to my arm as sensations cascaded over her. I allowed them to keep giving her pleasure until she rested. Then I removed the vibrator, tasted her on it, and

placed it back into the console, “Now, pet, in a few moments we shall discuss what you will encounter today and what you should be prepared for. At my office we will have a presentation from my brother - then you and I shall put a game plan together. Does that sound timely for you?”

I enjoyed the way pet still had her eyes closed and could only whisper her answer, “Timely? Yes, game plan...timely.” After another sigh my pet relaxed into a nice morning nap. I allowed her to sleep until we reached the office.

Office! We were parked in front of the office. I woke up startled and looked over at Lord. He, as usual, was calm, drinking a cup of coffee and reading a folder. I stammered, “When did we get here, how do you have coffee, why are you still in the car? How can there be an extra cup of coffee?”

Lord, as usual, calmly explained. Sometimes he was so calm I felt like screaming! “*Well, since we are at my office, I called my secretary to bring two cups of coffee. I then decided to relax while you slept and read the day’s notes so I could answer all your questions – of course, that is, after all of these questions.*” He handed me the cup of coffee - it was vanilla flavored and tasted delicious. I thought for a moment and didn’t want to appear unprofessional. “Derek, the coffee is delicious. Thank you for the explanation. May I look at the day’s notes, or would you rather read them to me?”

Lord smiled at me, “*Well, Jessika, as much as I would enjoy reading them to you, I know you want to grab this folder out of my hand.*” He grinned and handed me the folder to study. After what seemed only a few minutes he said, “*Jessika. It is now time to go into my company and put plans into action. Are you ready?*” It had been fifteen minutes – not a few minutes. I’d been so busy studying, memorizing the profiles of the business men I’d be meeting, that I didn’t realize so much time had passed. I answered I was more than ready and we walked up to doors that reminded me of Castlewood.

We walked into a building that seemed like a fortress. The glass windows were paned so you could see out, but from the outside they appeared black. The reception area was a large round room, with a white tiled floor. The reception area itself was a large horseshoe shaped desk. I didn’t see any seating until I realized you first had to be authorized by the receptionist to enter the area in back of the desk where the waiting room was. Derek again spoke in a conversational tone, “*Good Morning Melissa, I’m going to assume my brother and the others have arrived?*” She smiled and answered that they had - we proceeding through the waiting room to an elevator. Derek hadn’t said anything to me and in the elevator smiled, but still didn’t say anything. We walked down the hall and directly into a meeting room where everyone was already seated. The chair and the one next to it were available -

we proceeded to the end of the room and took the seats. The gentleman sitting next to me leaned over, “Hi, I’m Troy Sutton. I’m guessing that you’re Jessika, representing RJC?”

I answered yes, but I didn’t quite realize I was representing RJC. Roger had only said I was to bring papers to Derek, he never said that I was representing RJC and I’d no idea what position I was to represent. I decided that since I knew Roger didn’t want to sell that I’d wait and see what information I could get from Carter Communications.

Derek sat back and introduced everyone at the table. It was the first time I’d ever seen James S. Carter. His voice was more of a whining tone, then business oriented, and his whole presentation was how he needed to do things and it would be in everyone’s best interest if he bought out RJC. He turned directly to me and in that moment I realized how annoying he really was, “Well, Jessika, when can I expect RJC to negotiate becoming partners with Carter? I’d like to announce it by the end of this quarter.” That was the first time he’d even acknowledged my sitting at the table. I smiled the friendliest smile and he smiled back. “James, thank you for the informative presentation you gave. It’s quite impressive at the amount of acquisitions Carter has accomplished, and the many patents you purchased to only open lawsuits. Since RJC wasn’t in your presentation roadmap for acquisitions it doesn’t seem to me that an answer is needed at this time. Your roadmap clearly showed four other companies that you want to partner with that were urgent to you.”

He didn’t smile and only said, “Humor me then - answer the question!”

I didn’t smile and answered, “To even entertain the idea of humoring you I’d need a clear cut picture of how you feel it would benefit RJC. All I’ve seen in your roadmap is companies you entertain the thought of taking over, or what you call partnering. You haven’t shown anything to base a benefit to the other companies, all of whom are solvent and not in need of Carter Communications. Humor me – what are your intentions, after you take on the companies in your presentation.”

He almost sneered his answer, “I look for a win-win situation, don’t you?”

I smiled and laughed, “Yes, but my preference it to be the win prior to the hyphen in win-win.” At that point he turned red from anger, but Troy broke into the conversation.

“James, and Jessika - Although your names both start with a J, I don’t see that this discussion is going to go to any fruition of thoughts. This wasn’t set up to discuss RJC, so let’s table that and stay on the agenda. You came to discuss DTS so let’s go to your slides on what you have in mind.

James answered, “Derek, I think it would be beneficial to all concerned if Jessika didn’t remain in the conference room.”

I could feel my blood start to boil, but rather than show any emotion I turned toward Derek. I wasn’t sure if Derek was annoyed with my previous answers. He winked at me and then spoke to James.

“James. We go back a long way in business, back years to another matter we both know the outcome of. Keep to the agenda – you had the names of those at this meeting and the company’s they work for. If you had a problem with Jessika being here you should have stated it that time. Let’s continue.”

James didn’t move, “I’ll continue when I decide to, and with whom I want in the room. She leaves.”

Derek stood up, “Jessika, please follow me.” I was stunned! I couldn’t believe he was escorting me out of the room, but not wanting to make a scene I stood up and replied, “This is your meeting. Of course I’ll follow you.” I stood up and smiled at everyone including James and said, “I’m sorry it has come to this and although I don’t see this as a necessity I don’t want to interfere with the meeting.”

Derek opened the conference room door and I walked out. I heard the door close behind me and I kept walking down the hall toward the elevator. I was more shocked when I heard Derek say, “Let’s go to my office for coffee.” I turned, “Derek?”

I smiled at how shocked she looked that I was walking with her, “Well, I hope no one else in my company would follow you down a hall inviting you to their office.”

I had no intention of anyone coming into my company and demanding that they decide who is in a meeting. I had known James since we were in grade school together. He was always demanding people leave his house, a party, the school or playground. Any time he did not like an answer he would be telling people to leave. I laughed, “Jessika, James will calm down. Just ignore him. We have more important things to figure out like what the hell he is up to. He is rich, spoiled, and dangerous.”

We were at my office and I told my secretary not to put calls through and not disturb us. We walked in and I locked the door. Turning to her I could clearly see she was upset. “Jessika, James does this at all meetings. He decides whom it is he can do without at the meeting. Then he pulls crap to show the others that he is in control by demanding that they leave the meeting. If I thought he was going to pull that crap I would have warned you. Troy and I had thought he

would ask Troy to leave, for personal reasons between them. I apologize for putting you in that situation.”

I must admit that my pet had handled leaving the meeting with grace and being a professional. We sat drinking coffee and my thoughts strayed to her sitting in the chair across from my desk back at Castlewood. Naked...legs and arms bound to the chair. I walked over to the phone and called my secretary, “Janet, call the conference room and tell them we will return in a half hour. I need to make a few calls.” I knew that Troy was probably in discussions with James and handling it perfectly. Hanging up the phone I walked in front of my possession. I needed it even during a working day that she be mine. I could see the puzzled look in her eyes.

“Derek?”

“My pet?”

“Lord – here, now?”

I smiled and leaning down began kissing her. “Mine. Anywhere, anytime it is safe. Would you rather be at a meeting?” Between kisses I heard her whisper that she’d rather be mine anytime, anywhere. That was what I wanted to hear and found that I also needed to hear. As much as I wished to possess her here in my office I knew that it was not the time, nor the place. Kissing her deeply I then finally stood up and gazed into her eyes, “My pet, as much as I would love to ravish you here I must make the decision that we wait until this eve. There is much to do in the meeting and you tend to make my mind wander. Let us leave this office, or else I will lose all sense of business and tie you to that exact chair.” I smiled - she giggled, stood up and smiled, “Derek, I agree. We have to do work!”

Chapter 15

We walked out of my office and back to the meeting room.

pet had a lot to learn about me when in business mode. When I was young I had learned business from a person that was out to win, no matter the cost to the other party. I had seen first hand what this man did to take over and destroy my father’s company. What this man did to my father he had done too many business owners. That day he had taken from my father all that my father had built up I asked him for a job. He had given me the job, as a show of power. Years later I had learned enough, saved and invested my money, and in a position to take

advantage when he had financial difficulties. I did to him what he had done to my father – I took it all - made him sign over his company, and walked out. His parting words to me were that I was ungrateful. I turned and smiled, “No, I am forever in your debt. You showed me what power can do and should do. I have learned your lessons well. I have only done to you what you had done to my father. But, if you read the amendment to the Contract, I have not taken your original companies and left you quite wealthy, since I have paid off their debts. I do not ever want to be like you - We are now even.” I had sworn, at that time, that even if I were to take over someone’s business I would never destroy their sense of pride in themselves. If possible, everyone would leave the table with something. I would always win, but not destroy. Over the many years taking over companies I have never made the owner an enemy, and therefore have many alliances to call on for information. I always believe power is to be used to gain and keep things safe, not to destroy.

James could never understand why I did not destroy the person that caused my family pain and viewed that as a weakness. I felt it was my strength.

Now pet only sees the power, but not how it is wielded. She will learn over the next months what it is to be with me. It was time to return to the meeting –get a few things in place, table the meeting until next week and go back to Castlewood.

I walked into the hall when Derek caught up with me and we proceeded to the conference room. I felt very uncomfortable when I sat down across from James Carter but I smiled, “Hello, again, James. I do apologize that we didn’t get off to a good start.”

James was very smooth when he answered, “No, Jessika, it was my fault. I get too aggressive in meetings and tend to push very hard at people. Perhaps at a later time I can make it up to you, by buying you a cup of coffee?”

I automatically answered being polite, “That would be nice.” It was then I caught the gaze of Derek and felt a cold chill sweep through me. I, of course, had no intentions of going for coffee with James since I didn’t like James –being polite I could quite clearly see didn’t go over favorably with Derek.

Derek cut in, “Well, it is nice about coffee, but let us table this until next week and we can meet here on the 15th. Troy finish up, I have to make a call. James, nice to see you, as always, even with our differences. Jessika I shall be in the car.”

With that Derek stood up and walked out. I completed the small talk, agreed to be back on the 15th with more information and walked out, leaving Troy and James to finish up. I remembered how to find the staircase to the first floor and found my way back to the reception area. It was there I saw Derek waiting for me and I walked up to him. I was slightly mad at what transpired, “Excuse me, but I don’t particularly like being left in a meeting room, to wander and find my way to the reception area!”

This was the first time I’d ever spoken displeasure at any of Derek’s actions, but I didn’t care if he was upset. I quickly walked past him to the car and at the car opened the passenger door and sat down. I watched as he slowly walked to the car and sat down in the driver seat. Without saying anything he started the car and we started toward Castlewood. Quite a length of time had passed and we were now driving up to the rear portion of Castlewood. I quietly said, “You haven’t said anything since we left the office. I had tried to make things end on a smooth note. I’m not quite sure what’s happened, but I know something is very wrong. Are you going to ask me to leave, over a cup of coffee I never had intentions of joining him for?”

He parked, left the car and we started walking into Castlewood without him answering my question. Once inside he reached for my hand and we walked into the den, where a fire was blazing throwing a comfortable glow over the room. It was then I heard him sigh - turning to him I saw him visibly relaxing and suddenly realized the peace that he felt being back at Castlewood. “Lord, do you feel the quiet and peace that’s in the room?” He’d sat down on the couch and smiled at me, “*pet, come sit by me.*”

Walking to him I sat down and smiled, as he continued, “*I agree that I should not have left you in the room. Although, I know that you are quite capable of finding your own way, around the entire company. Be that as it may, I was rude. To be more succinct, I felt jealousy at the thought of you having coffee with James. All in all I have deep feelings for you.*”

I nearly fainted, as this was the closest to a declaration that Lord had ever stated. I snuggled in closer feeling his arms pulling me closer into the magic that I needed to feel. I whispered, “And, Lord, what shall we do about these feelings?”

I was even more surprised when I was pulled onto the plush carpet and he smiled down at me, “*Ah, tonight how about we do your world? One night of what you were, before using the knocker on the front door, and entering my world that is now your world?*”

I was about to say something but his lips were caressing mine - my world began spinning away. This was different from any of the other times – I wanted to say it was normal, but then there wasn't anything about Lord that ever seemed normal - always magical.

His movements as he removed my clothes were sensual. Slowly and gently moving, it seemed as if each piece of my clothing floated away from me. He leaned over me – his lips softly starting their path of possession from my lips...down my neck. My nipples were hard and waiting for his mouth to cover them. He played with them for what seemed like hours - licking them, until they were his to own. I finally ached and needed him inside me. Owning my body...filling me with his. “Lord, I need you more than I ever thought I could need a man. I heard him say “*Mine*” and then his lips were back upon mine – his legs spreading mine and taking what I needed to give. I felt myself arching into him in complete ecstasy, of his body demanding it. His body quickly demanded what I was now giving. It was explosive – it was the ultimate, as his body rocked and his kisses deepened. I knew I was thrusting in a frenzy of passionate need. When his body slammed against mine and I heard his groan of, my body erupted in a glorious feeling of climaxing. In that moment holding onto him tightly I felt him make his last thrust into me, bringing us both over into one world - only the two of us.

I must have fallen into a comfortable sleep for his voice awakened me, “*Come, pet, let us retire to the bedroom upstairs.*” I stood up and looked for my clothes. “*Here, pet, just put this on and the rest can remain until the morning.*” Wrapping his jacket around me I walked hand in hand with Lord to the upper floor, as if we'd always done it this way for many years.

Chapter 16

I woke up feeling rested. Turning over I found that Lord was not in the bed, but a note was on his pillow. Picking it up I slowly read his note.

pet, it is time we returned to life at Castlewood, as I prefer it to be. Take a nice warm shower and relax back in the bed. I shall return shortly.

I immediately noticed the small coffee pot and coffee mug on the nightstand. Deciding first to shower I jumped out of the bed, turned on the shower and in a moment it felt wonderful. The shower area was extra large with a seat going along the wall. I sat for a few moments letting the warm water stream over my body and then lathered up with the lavender soap he'd bought for me. Stepping out and drying off I noticed two bathrobes in the bathroom. I felt anger welling up as I reached for a robe. How dare he keep two robes, as if someone would stay in his bedroom, needing a bathrobe? Shoving my hand into the pocket I pulled out a note. It was the store receipt with a note attached.

No pet, these are new robes just purchased for us, as you can see by the receipt. Did I guess your thoughts?

Laughing, I swore that I'd never let him know that I'd even thought about the robes. Pouring coffee and more cream than I should have I walked back to the bed and fluffed the pillows. Climbing back in I pulled up the covers and sat back enjoying the nice warm coffee. I'd had placed the coffee cup back on the nightstand and apparently had fallen back to sleep. When I woke up Lord was naked and under the covers with me. I gazed into his eyes and his words sent chills of apprehension but need racing through my body. *"It is time now pet, raise your wrists for me and let me cuff them to the headboard."* I wasn't sure quite how that was done but I reached upward toward the headboard. It seemed as if cuffs appeared out of air - in an instant each wrist was cuffed and the cuffs hooked onto the headboard. It wasn't uncomfortable but for a moment I felt scared that I couldn't get out of this. The next thing Lord seemed to pull out of the air was a blindfold. I'd done this prior, but now I was becoming nervous and knew that I shouldn't be nervous, but he put the blindfold over my eyes.

"pet, I can tell you are becoming nervous, so we shall once again repeat what I have always told you. You are my sole concern to never allow harm to come to. Is that not true?"

When I answered yes, Lord he continued.

"pet, is it not true that I cherish you and bring you pleasure? Is it not true that you know you can trust all that I will do, and that I would never harm you? And, is it true that you are Mine?"

I relaxed and suddenly my word met his and I answered in all honesty, "Yes, Lord, Yours.

I closed my eyes under the blindfold. Warm air caressed my body as the covers were slowly removed. I opened my eyes, but the soft blindfold kept all in darkness. I felt something being attached around my ankles. They were soft against my ankles and I realized they were ankle cuffs, but must be lined with something soft. I felt my legs being spread apart but didn't relax.

"pet? I am spreading them to hook the chain to the lower bed-posts. I promise I will not leave this room while you are bound to the bed. Now, I do not wish that you answer me, but with that explained to you I want you to relax totally."

Without realizing what I was doing I felt my legs spreading as his hands moved them how he wanted them placed. It was as if I was no longer in control of my arms and legs. My arms seemed so

comfortable and my legs felt heavy, as if only he could move them. It was a slight feeling of being relaxed yet with my body anticipating movement, but without my doing it. I exhaled a long held breath, not even realizing I'd been holding my breath - my entire body felt as if it was floating...no tension...no stress. The world and its stress fled the room and nothing but his breathing and hands molded my world.

It had always been a fight for my pet to relax from the world. She was so busy being responsible to others she never quite took the time to be herself. I do not believe my pet ever knew who she was, or where she belonged, until that day she entered Castlewood. Now, as she finally exhaled that long nervous breath, she always held, she was ready to be alive. Soon I would not use the blindfold, but for now I know my pet needs it. If she watched, she would think...when she thinks she tries to logic things rather than feel them. I also know she needs to know what is going to happen, or her imagination starts - then she is not feeling, but again thinking, even if only imagining. I also have learned by watching her frown she does not like the word beauty, for she does not feel it. I shall call her only pet, for now, until she will accept fully what I choose to call her. It shall take time, but time I have always had.

“Now my beautiful pet, I am going to leave the bed for a moment, for some Lavender lotion.”

“There, now I shall not speak again for quite some time - I expect you to relax and feel my presence.”

Starting from pet's neck I massaged away the remaining tension. Slowly upward along her arms, held upright by the wrist cuffs I gently massaged, from the cuffs to her shoulders. Over her ripe breasts that were waiting for my lips, or whatever I chose to do to them. I quickly massaged down to her legs and spent time rubbing each calf...thigh...slowly making my way to her soft inner thighs.

There I moved slower, not removing my fingers, or palms from her flesh, so she would not pause in her feelings. Slowly I moved toward her moist flesh that was already glistening with her juices. I switched from the lavender lotion to dripping Astroglide on my fingers, and finally slid my index and middle finger into her waiting body. I felt her accept them and need them within her. Placing my palm on her soft mound I pressed while slowly fucking my pet with my fingers. She slowly pulled on the restraints but was held firmly in place. She had no idea that this was to be a long afternoon - this was only the start.

She moved in rhythm, as much as she could, with my fingers. I worked both hands at the same time. Putting pressure above her clit with only my finger pressing on it, I kept my other fingers pushing in and out...in and out. When her breathing was burning in her lungs I whispered, “Now, my precious beauty, give over your world to me.” I smiled as she whimpered and I could feel the walls inside her pussy clench deeply and tightly on my fingers. “Yes, pet, like that for me. Over and over let it come to me.”

I let her move on my fingers and then slid my fingers out and again continued to massage her inner thighs until I felt her relaxing into sleep. I’d let her sleep for a while and then we would continue our day in the gardens. I slowly let her arms down and released her ankles.

Chapter 17

I awoke in the gardens, on a soft blanket, and sitting up I found Lord next to me quite asleep. Staring at him I wondered how he could be sleeping so soundly. With that thought he seemed to read my mind, as he stretched his long legs and turning on his side pulled me down next to him, “*pet, what has you so concerned?*”

I was quite perplexed, “Lord, we must think how to plan for the next business meeting.”

I was more perplexed when he answered, “*I had thought I explained that my brother does that now. The meeting we had finalized our position on all matters – you have met the enemy and now we shall remain elusive - my brother will handle all the meetings. My preference, if you recall, pet, is not to leave my property walls.*”

Sitting up I stammered, “But yesterday – the meeting – your office?”

Smiling he laughed, “*pet, we will not return to the office, or that world of meetings. At times, perhaps, but, I repeat that I will never concern myself with business on that level.*”

“Lord, didn’t we have dinner with my boss - I thought I was playing a pivotal role in saving the company!”

“*pet, we indeed did have dinner with your boss. He indeed has a hostile takeover trying to happen. And, yes, you did indeed bring papers here and played a pivotal role. A rather admirable role and you played it very well. Now we remain elusive to the world.*”

“We? Are you kind of saying I’m to stay here?”

“pet, are you under the thought to leave?”

“Lord, are you saying I’m not to go home?”

“pet, are you under the thought to go home?”

We both laughed, “Lord, I shall answer you that I do need to go home, since I do own my home, but not right now...it can wait. Plus, I need to earn a living and I do miss my best friend, Marnie.”

“Ah, yes, Marnie – is she not the friend that thought you were being ravished by a crazed man? Anyway, pet, all in good time. But, to put your today worries to rest, be assured that your job with your company is safe. Your home shall remain yours, and we shall return there on the full moon. Does that relax your thoughts for the moment?”

I was about to ask questions but his hand was on the nape of my neck...his finger’s magically massaging. I could feel warmth, slowly flowing over my body. Gazing into his black eyes I saw possession...ownership...my world. I tried for a moment to ignore the feeling and focus on work. It was a very short moment. Leaning forward I gave over to his world.

There were times when my world could not be all that she wanted, or needed. But, in the long run she would need to stay with me in mine...mine. I could feel it, even if pet did not yet realize it - that she would never want to totally return to her world.

Standing up I reached down for her hand. With that wonderful smile of hers she slid her hand slowly into mine. We walked toward the barn that my pet had never really ventured into. Inside was a world of wonder to her. I could see she had many questions about the horses that resided in it. But, for now I had a room in the hayloft that I preferred she enter with me. At the ladder we, as always, had a dilemma of sorts.

“Lord, you go first!”

I would have been angered by her demand but knowing pet, as I do, I knew there was a completely different reason.

“pet, it would be safest if you go first. I can help if you slip? But, why is it you wish for me to go first?”

“I just do!”

I know enough when pet just outright refuses me that we have some type of insecurity going on within her. I had a good thought of what it was but knowing if I mentioned it she would go into further insecurity I opted for a solution, “pet, I will allow this and I shall go first. But before this day is through I wish to know the exact reasoning behind this. It can wait until eve, since I have other thoughts of what I wish of you in the next room.”

Since pet smiled I quickly scaled the ladder and upon her joining me we walked hand in hand to the door at the end of the barn loft. It had been quite some time since I had used this room and only quickly cleaned it up the day prior to pet’s arrival. I did notice her gaze around and before her mind would conjure up things I answered, “I fixed this for your visit the day prior to your arriving. Yes, I do like think of where and what I plan to do to you and with you.”

“Lord, this room is beautiful. The sun streams in through the skylight.”

I smiled and my fingers twined tightly in the hair at the nape of her neck, twisting it around my fist. I saw the look in her eyes, as I moved her over to a chair. She had thought she was to sit in the chair and was quite surprised when I turned and sat in it. My movement caused her to bend toward me.

“pet, kneel.” I pulled her hair in the direction I wanted her to be and she quickly fell to her knees before me. Her eyes were wide since this was quite new to her and I was not being as gentle as she was used to. She would learn.

I had her face pulled quite close to my groin and began to rub my cock through my pants. I saw her frown, perplexed but did nothing more then tell her not to worry and watch. Sliding lower in the chair I was only a few inches from her. I quickly unzipped my zipper and freed my now hard cock. She gazed up at me and was kneeling with her hands on the floor balancing. I felt her start to move back but I pulled her face closer by her hair.

“pet, lick me...lick it from base to the tip”

Again, pet did not move toward me. Again, I tightened my grip in her hair pulling her lips toward my cock.

“pet, did I not say to lick me? Did you not hear me?”

I heard the worry in her voice and tipped her chin up so she looked directly into my eyes.

“pet, you are the only one I wish to do this. Now, I shall not repeat myself over and over. Kneel like this before me and lick me!”

I pulled on her hair harder, then released it, and placed my hands on either side of her face. Making it known that she was to follow my hands I repeated, “Lick!”

I pulled her face toward me until her lips were a breath from my cock. For a moment I did not think she was going to do as she was bid. Then rubbing the sides of her face with my thumbs I repeated in a softer tone, but just as demanding.

“pet, lick my cock.”

I could hear her soft whimper as she did what I commanded her to do for me. Her lips gently as a butterfly landing on a flower rubbed against my flesh and I felt her soft tongue beginning to lick the length of me.

Placing my hand in back of her head holding her in the position I wanted, I held my cock with my other for her to lick.

When I felt she was relaxing and moving more on her own I leaned closer to her and whispered, “now, my pet, my own pleasure - suck me tightly into your mouth.” I knew my pet was surprised by her not being the recipient of a session, but my own wants. My pet would have to learn that what I wish her to do would satisfy me, as well as her.

I gazed down as her lips opened, and I watched them open and take in the head of my cock. Making sure I didn't move my body I gently but with pressure held her face, so she would stay where I wanted her. Then I felt the pleasure course through my body...her mouth tightened on my cock...sucking harder and with more force. “Good, girl, suck your Master off, my good girl.” I could tell my words weaved the possession I wanted as her mouth sucked. There

would be more for her to learn to do, but for now this would do. “Harder, pet, faster now so I can cum.”

I heard her moan and not to have this session go longer then she could handle I let my body release - like my good girl she licked and drank in every drop.

Before my pet could think I pulled her up onto my lap and kissed her deeply, tasting myself on her lips. “Now, let us climb down the ladder – you can go first. I shall assume you do not wish me to see you from that angle, where I am under you gazing at your lush bottom?”

I smiled when pet started to stammer and try and explain, “pet, it is all okay. We must now return to the main house. It is late and we must eat dinner and then spend time in the tower.” Laughing as I stood up – “Or perhaps the dungeon – or perhaps the bedroom. We shall see, shall we not?” Hand in hand we walked to the ladder where I allowed my pet to climb down first.

I had always hated ladders, much less climbing down or up them in front of someone. I was quite surprised about the barn and had many things to think about. Dinner was spent discussing Castlewood and I had so many questions that Lord finally laughed and asked if I would consider letting him give a full presentation to answer them all. It was so strange to just sit across from him eating a tuna sandwich for dinner. It was relaxing and felt like we'd done this for years...that in itself was a frightening thought, since I could not really picture doing this forever. It felt as if I'd wake up from a dream and be back at home. “Lord, what are we going to do this evening?”

“I had thought it would be nice and different to watch movies, do you not think so?”

I was somewhat disappointed, “Movies? We're to watch movies?” I'm not sure why Lord always answered my questions, as if the answer was somehow in the question!

“Do you not think we are to watch movies, pet? Let us retire to one of the other rooms and we shall indeed watch a movie, or two.”

We had walked to one of the other wings in the Castle and into a rather large room. The fireplace was already burning and on one wall was a wide screen TV and I noticed an overhead projector of some sort. The couch was quite wide and very comfortable. As Lord turned on the television screen I kicked off my shoes and curled up on the couch. Popcorn was already in a bowl and I was shocked it was hot. How he did things before we got to a place was quite beyond my comprehension, since I'd

never noticed anyone else on the property, or in the Castle. When Lord came back to sit on the couch I questioned, “Lord, which movie are we going to see?”

“pet, which would you like to view – a movie on bondage? Dominatrix? Master?”

“Lord, I have no idea what the differences would be, but I don’t quite think they’re the same type as Pirates of the Caribbean?”

pet, I hoped, did not really think I would have Pirates of the Caribbean - but by her expression I knew she indeed did think that we were to watch that type of movie. This was where pet would start to fret about the unknown, “pet, I would like to teach you about certain things, but we shall not watch any of the movies longer than fifteen minutes. That way if you do not like what you are viewing you can watch the clock on the wall and know it shall soon be over. Would that suit?”

I was pleased when pet smiled answering that she can do most things for at least fifteen minutes. I had hoped to discuss the alternative lifestyles with her other than ours, but then thought that viewing them would be best. It was not that we would try, or live, any other lifestyle than that which we have now embraced, but I did want my pet to know of all things in her world and this.

I felt it best to start with a plain x-rated movie without any lifestyle. As the first few scenes played out with very simple kissing and that type of thing I slowly began to undress, “pet, come join me without clothing.” I had all intention of acting out with pet what we viewed. Knowing what was soon to be on the screen I told pet to kneel on the couch facing away from me.

“Lord, can you let me know why you want me facing away from you?”

I knew pet would dislike if I wanted to relax and view her ass, so I decided that would have to wait a few months.

“pet, if you can not fathom what one does when a woman is kneeling in front of his cock, it is to place it where it belongs!” I did enjoy pet’s quiet answer as she giggled and got into the requested position. Kneeling in back of her my hands roamed over her waist, and well rounded hips...down her outside thighs. “pet, watch the movie!” As pet viewed the screen my hands and body began doing the same movements she was watching on the screen. By the time

I slid my cock into her she was already wet. “pet, look how easily his cock is sliding in and out of her pussy. Look at how thick he is - he is quite stretching her open.” I could hear when pet began to breath deeper and her soft moans told me that she was very much into watching movies...at least this type. Slowly I fucked her, but wished to do so much more. My hands gripped her soft flesh - I began pulling her harder onto my cock...slamming inside the tightest depth. As she began wanting more, I began moving quicker...short stabs with my hard cock into her...then long slow motions, until I had to constantly move within her. I wished to stay within her forever, but the urge was now too strong. Quickly I slammed into her, until I felt her pussy tighten and send me over the edge. Then, pulling my cock out of her I quickly turned her to face me and lifted her onto my lap. I knew that was best, or my pet would start asking questions. “pet, rest now for a moment with me.” I turned off the movie and it was now only the glow from the fireplace. In a moment I felt her body relaxing into sleep. The other movies could wait.

CHAPTER 18

I had only fallen asleep for a few moments and upon waking found that I was being held tightly in Lord's arms.

His voice was soft, “pet, I have another movie on but it may have images you shall find disturbing. I wish you to tell me if this is so. We shall immediately turn it off. Is that understood?”

I was still very relaxed and felt safe, “Yes, Lord, I'll tell you.” Then I gazed over at the movie and was not as much shocked but curious at what I was watching take place. “Lord, what exactly is going on in that movie, and this may sound odd but that woman reminds me of the lady from your reception area!”

“Ah, yes, but luckily that is not her, but it is her cousin, Cassia. She is a very good receptionist and also has a rather unique cousin. Her cousin actually lives about another hour up the coast. Apparently her cousin is a Dominatrix and the gentleman in the movie lives with her.”

I was suddenly a bit disturbed by a thought I just had. I wondered if I was viewing this because Lord had actually met this woman and liked what she does. I tried not to wonder about that, but after a while of seeing this woman playing and pulling on her pet's balls I finally had to ask, “Uh, you don't quite want me to be doing that to you, right?”

His laugh was wonderful, "Heavens no, I am not the type to wish you to tie my balls. Nor am I the type to want CBT, which if you do not know is known as Cock and Ball Torture. Although, I have heard it can be quite pleasurable I am not that type of man to enjoy such. My preference is to tease, touch, kiss, lick, and various other genre, to you, but not at all to be on the receiving end of a Dominatrix. But, you shall some day meet her and now you shall be prepared and not nervous."

I smiled and snuggled closer against his chest. Now that my question was answered that I wouldn't need to learn how to tie knots and such I relaxed fully watching every detail of what was on the screen in front of me. I did think that my friend, Marnie, would probably enjoy doing some of it to her fellow colleagues at the University she was teaching at. They were really a bunch of silly men all insecure and always trying to act as if they were the main person for the department. Now watching as the Dominatrix tied him to a bed, spread-eagled I was amazed at his balls. She had them tied with a black scarf around the base of his balls. I squirmed when she tightened the knot asking, "Do you want it tighter? This one time it's your choice" and he groaned, "More, Mistress".

Lord was immediately concerned with me, "*pet, would you like me to change this to a different genre, or we could retire to the tower?"*

"Lord, although the tower is a very tempting idea I want to see what she does next."

"Then, pet, we shall see what she does next. Perhaps you shall want to be called Mistress pet, after viewing all of this?"

I giggled as Lord's fingers were playing with my clit - I was watching the movie and her hand began squeezing his balls. His balls were tight...almost purple from the blood engorging them over the knot of the scarf. She smacked them and, although he winced, he seemed to crave the pain. While watching the movie I realized that the pressure was building on my clit and I could feel my pussy getting wetter and wetter. When she again smacked his tight balls, I felt Lord lightly flick my clit with his finger. Automatically I spread my thighs.

Lord whispered, "Pain with the right pleasure, my prize, is as wonderful as pleasure."

I didn't answer but it looked as if that may be true...at least for the person in the movie. Then it seemed she alternated stroking...squeezing...lightly smacking. In the movie I could see how this effected what she did to him...his expressions while his eyes were staring at her hand while she worked her magic on his balls.

Finally, she didn't even ask if he wanted to cum...she demanded it, as if ordering his body to obey her wishes. Her words echoed through me, "Cum for me my best male whore, cum now!" It seemed as if he couldn't hold back and his body listened to her demands as his cum shot from his cock. Her grin at him was of possession and control...not quite laughing at him...but enjoying her total dominance over him.

Then through all of this heard Lord whispering to me, "*pet, cum for me, let me own you totally as I know you wish for me to do.*" Without even thinking I felt my body react to his voice, his tone, his demand and it felt as if waves of pleasure coursed through my body. It was exhausting and I'd done nothing but watch a movie while Lord played with my clit.

I closed my eyes a moment, hearing the movie ending. I'd thought that Lord was upset that I'd closed my eyes and stopped watching the movie, I was wrong, "*pet, let us walk to the bedroom and sleep. Tomorrow night I wish to spend time doing whatever we please in the tower, a room you have not yet visited.*"

Without hesitation I smiled and actually looked forward with curiosity to what would transpire in the tower. I did so want to ask, but knew he wouldn't answer. I would have to wait to find if it would be pleasure and hoped to see if it would also be very slightly pain.

I am not sure what came over pet in the tower, but it was definite pleasure and pain. What I had not quite fathomed was that I would be the one on the receiving end.

I had brought pet to the north end of the tower floor, which was quite comfortable. I had indeed hung many mirrors on the brick walls. Mirrors also adorned the room hanging from oval standing mirror sets. The room could be seen, from any angle, in the many mirrors. In the center was quite a nice wide leather platform...low to the ground and quite padded and soft. It is from this point I was going to have fun with my pet - view every angle of her body, as I fucked her.

But, such was not to be the case on this day. This day was to be like none before, and shall not happen again – or, at least not often - unless, I feel she should like to and for some odd reason needs to Lord over me. Yes, that is quite an accurate description of her enjoyment.

As I was about to have my pet get into position on the platform I noticed that she indeed kept staring at it. I queried, "Is there something that is bothering you? Would you like to let me know what exactly you are thinking, while you seem to study the platform?"

“Lord, can we just play for a while. I mean can you lie on the platform, while I sit and perhaps play?”

I was indeed quite baffled at what she meant by the word play, but I would still allow my pet to have her wish.

Although I would not do it often, as it was not my style, I did enjoy the evident feeling of power pet displayed. Although, now that it is quite over my pet is consumed with guilt, that she wanted to do such. Actually, it was quite pleasant in many ways - from my perspective quite worth her feelings of guilt. Trying to bring her out of her own mind I queried,

“pet, Did you not do exactly what you wished, and thought about?”

Smiling slightly but with a devilish grin she answered me without hesitation, “Yes, Lord, it was quite interesting but did you enjoy it at all?”

Smiling at my pet I answered at length, Enjoyed it? Now that I did not need to ponder but wanted to see her reaction so I continued. Let me quite recall what has transpired. You, my pet, did indeed tie me with my legs quite apart so you had access to do what you wished with my cock and balls, is that not correct?” When pet quite blushed I continued, “I recall since my cock is still throbbing that you sat quite close and played by squeezing and licking my balls, then licked up and down this toy, I believe you called it. Aside from that you then proceeded to lick and suck on my balls. This act I found to be quite pleasurable at first but then the want made it quite painful, as my balls were quite tight and full. Sucking and licking, as you did, I actually could not keep my cock under control, and you licked up every drop. But, I do believe you wanted me to quite lose control? Is that not true, my teasing, torture, pet?”

Laughing I pulled her back into my arms and said, “Yes, pet, it was quite interesting and I did enjoy it all.” Now let us rest and then we shall go for a swim - the pool is now heating to a warm temperature for us. I feel one good torture deserves another, oh, this time it is your turn and I shall quite enjoy that.

Chapter 19

Enjoy it was quite putting it mildly and it was a rather interesting late afternoon to say the least. To say the most I will now put in writing. It started with a call to my best friend Marnie to explain I was staying

a week longer than expected at Castlewood but would return to work the following week. Of course she laughed and wanted to know exactly what was going on with all description. Laughing I told her I'd have to be on the phone for days to do that and I am only here for another week and had to get to the swimming pool.

Lord had already left and the note only said, "*pet, I shall wait by the swimming pool, wear what you wish. It shall not stay on very long,*"

I was not that fond of being in a swim-suit and actually didn't even own one so I only put on a pair of jeans and a t-shirt and took a towel and bathrobe. Walking barefoot down the staircase to the lower floors I marveled at how much I loved Castlewood, even with its gothic tone it was such a magical place to me. My hand slid lightly along the long wooden handrail of the stairs and its shiny mahogany surface glistened in beauty. Arriving at the bottom I felt the cool wooden floor as I walked through the library and then out the sliding glass doors to the gardens. As I turned the final six foot tall hedge the pool was visible and Lord was swimming. Walking down the steps to the pool area I marveled at how his arm muscles propelled him through the water as if he was mechanical and smoothly moving from one end of the pool to the other. Arriving at the edge of the pool I sat down and dangled my legs into the water, I was not sure exactly what to do and now was worried I didn't have anything to swim in. That thought I knew was quite insecure since Lord was quite naked. At that moment Lord turned toward me and in a moment was in front of me treading water.

Lord smiled at me and calmly said, "*Ah, pet, I see you are not quite in the right outfit. Remove your clothes and come into the water.*"

I wasn't sure I wanted to be naked in the water where all is seen under water like floating jello so I sat there not knowing how to explain what I felt like under pool water.

"Lord, how about I just stay in these clothes and come in the pool, will that suffice okay?"

It is so obvious when pet is uncomfortable with something or the other. She never says no to me. But, whenever she is insecure she offers an option, which of course, can't be accepted. I had no idea what would be giving my pet issues about being naked in a pool with me. I had seen her naked in the shower and most places so this was an issue we had to deal with. "pet, I am going to assume that you are changing my request for a particular reason. I know you well enough to know it must be an issue of sorts that you do not wish for me to see you naked in a pool. Additionally, I can surmise that since I have seen you quite naked on the patio, which is

cement, and the pool is cement, that the issue must revolve around the water. I have seen you naked in a shower which is water so it then can't be falling water?"

I smiled. Lord was so logical. "EXACTLY!" I slid right into the water fully clothed not realizing that he hadn't finished and I was suppose to explain. When Lord laughed and told me now that my clothes were wet and I should take them off I almost started crying. I could see no way out of this.

Pet was about to burst into tears, at the thought of being naked in the pool. I had no alternative but to swim to the edge and get out of the pool to get her robe. Diving back into the water with the robe I swam towards my pet under water. Why she had put her hands down under the water, as if to cover her thighs was quite beyond me. But, I surmised there must be some odd correlation she was making between her thighs and under the water. Swimming to her and then standing in front of her I put the robe around her shoulders, "pet, take off your clothes and wear the robe, I promise we shall stay in this shallow end so the water does not have any chance of weighing it down where you are unable to stand." Pet looked immediately relieved and took off all clothes wrapping the robe around her.

This was much better with the nice warm robe on and now I was quite wrapped in his arms against his chest. I suddenly realized the water was quite comfortably warm for such a cool day and realized the pool was well heated. Lord was rubbing my back through the robe and when he whispered for me to be naked against him I automatically pushed it aside so my body was flesh to flesh. I could feel Lord kissing my neck and I leaned heavily against him relaxing with the way he was rocking me in his arms.

"pet, relax and be with me. You are quite safe from all things here and no one can see us. I shall not ask you to remove the robe...this time. Now, stop fussing about whatever it is you feel insecure about and wrap your legs about my waist so we can float."

I didn't want to refuse Lord and ruin his afternoon so I did as I was bid and wrapped my legs around his waist. It was very easy in the water which made me smile. The robe was heavy with water and not very comfortable but I kept it on anyway. I could feel Lord's cock under me and he was already hard which surprised me for one second ago he was quite soft. I could feel his arms tighten around me and my arms wrapped around his shoulders. He moved deeper into the water which made it easier to stay wrapped around him while floating. Then I felt the side of the pool against my back and Lord was sliding higher into my pussy. *"pet, stay quite still and let me adjust your body how I wish it to be."*

I felt so happy for the moment that I smiled and relaxed. It was then that he sunk fully into me. Smiling down at me he began to move his hips thrusting upward into me. I gazed at the ripples on the

water each time he thrust and the ripples pushed away from us...faster...faster. I felt his arm around me as his other hand closed over my breast and his fingers pinched my nipple. I know I moaned at the pleasure and then I felt it harder and I whimpered.

“that is the right whimper, pet. Feel the pleasure and the pain and all that I want from your body. Mine.”

This is what my body lived for. I had no idea why but Lord was like my drug to feel alive and I whispered my need for him, “Lord, whatever you want of me I need so deeply.”

My nipple was burning as his fingers pinched and pulled on it...then in a blinding flash of pain for a second he twisted it until I moaned. Then he quickly stopped and again played it with by flicking it. His lips were on mine and his tongue had taken ownership of my mouth the way his fingers had taken ownership of my nipple. Then I felt him again moving within my body...slowly ramming his total ownership of me. Then his voice was very soothing and I trusted him completely to care for my being.

“pet, lean back and float. I shall hold you by the waist and make sure you stay in position. I wish to pull you onto me and let you float away to the tip of my cock.”

I loved this man and felt safe...wanted...and with this trust of Lord I leaned back...still on his cock and let the water soothe me. My arms floated out to the side and the robe floated around me. I closed my eyes making sure my head stayed above the water. Feeling Lord's hands slide under me he held me up in to float easily upon the water as he pulled me on his cock and thrust in and then slid out to the tip of his cock. I felt the water through my hair back and forth as he continued to fuck me this way and without feeling how it happened I felt the robe sliding off my arms and float or sink, I was not sure which. At that point I didn't care about anything but hearing Lord tell me to keep fucking his cock and how I was his bitch and that he owned me. On and on it went for how long I was not certain until I realized the sun was setting. Lord must have felt the change and suddenly he began to fuck me harder and faster...pulling me tighter and harder onto his cock. I moved my arms from floating to the side and reached for his arms to hold onto them. That gave him the leverage and I felt him sink all the way into me...his cock rammed in so deeply until he whispered, *“pet, look into my eyes, tell me how you need me to fuck you.”*

My voice was very soft and I could hardly speak but whispered, “Lord, I have never quite wanted any man to fuck me the way I need you. I need you to want me. I need you to need me. I need to be owned by you and only you, please?”

His voice was so deep when he growled deeply “MINE.”

With that said my world was complete with him in me and around me. I relaxed and his body owned mine in every movement. I was breathing and moving whatever way his body made mine and in a moment I knew his body was building and pumping with lust and need. I whispered without realizing it, “Lord, I need you so badly.” In that instant I felt his body stiffen and my and body responded by clamping on his cock so tightly I felt like my orgasm was the strongest I ever had. I opened my eyes and Lord was holding me as I still floated on my back. Pulling me up against his chest his cock slid out of me and he placed me on my feet in the pool. Leaning against him I felt so relaxed. My arms were around him and my toes not quite touching the floor of the pool. Lord walked a few feet and I could feel the pool wall against my back.

“pet, we have to get out of the pool, and to do that you can not put back on a wet robe. I am not quite certain why the water gives you issues, but I shall get out and hand you a dry towel – you shall wrap it around you. As you say, will that suffice? Additionally, after dinner I wish to return to the tower and I am sure that shall suffice quite well, am I not correct?”

A very large, dry towel was waiting for me at the shallow water steps. I swam to it and wrapped it around me, then I stepped out of the water, “Yes, Lord, both shall suffice wonderfully.”

Lord smiled, “Well then, our swim was indeed a success, and we shall return to the house and a hot shower. We shall then relax, go over some meeting notes, have a light dinner, and then we shall climb the steps to the tower.”

I smiled as we walked to the house - I wrapped in my towel and Lord quite naked, as if it was very natural for him to walk around the Castlewood grounds like that. The pool was interesting but I now craved the tower, or the lower level study, but did not mentioned that to Lord. But, tonight would come soon enough and I would be where it all started...climbing the steps to the tower room.

Chapter 20

I could see that pet was quite distracted all through dinner. I could also see that she had the slightest hint of a smile when I mentioned the tower and the slightest hint of a frown when I mentioned work. Indeed I could tell clearly she was not interested in discussing work, “pet, I feel it may be needed to return for a week to your home and carry on some work from your company. We need to go over a solid road map with your employer in order to have framework, with which to work a successful plan. Will that be acceptable for your plans?”

Pet looked at me with a blank gaze and questioned, “My home?”

I could surmise, if her only question was about our location, that she was not interested in a road map. Therefore, in order not to upset her senses with problems of business I stood up and headed toward the stairs. Hearing her steps following me I stopped at the staircase and turned to her. She was so beautiful, although she never felt that she was. Another issue of my pet’s that we would work on.

Watching pet walking toward me I noticed that her gaze slowly swept over me and then towards the staircase. Upon her reaching where I stood, I held out my hand for her to take, as I did the first time I had met my pet. Gazing at her, as her fingers curled around mine, I pledged, “We shall walk together up to the tower into my world, but all shall immediately stop upon you saying your safe-word. I shall never bring you to any level of danger and all shall be for your pleasure. Of course, it shall pleasure me greatly - all that I shall do to you. Do I have your trust, my pet?”

We ascended the long staircase to the tower where the full moon’s glow illuminated the room. Last time we were here, we had used the south room, which was a very novice room - I now felt pet would like more of a challenge in sensations - we turned to the north room. I knew pet had stopped walking, “Is there a reason you would like to discuss that you have stopped walking by my side? Perhaps we need to talk about something I have missed? Trust! I gave you my oath that I would never hurt you. I will protect you with my own life, if need be, trust me.”

Watching pet trying to put into words how she was feeling about suddenly taking the turn to the north rooms I waited. Pulling her to me I held her close. “pet, it is only a room. We shall discuss it once within it – then, if you feel you would rather be in the south room, we shall simply and without further discussion, just go to the south room. A room is a room.”

It always pleased me when she would pull back from me, gaze up at me and have the most trusting and pleasant smile, “Lord, a room is not quite a room when it is one of your rooms here at Castlewood. But, even taking that into consideration, I think I’d like to find out about your north rooms – at least, even if simply, just to look into them..”

Smiling we continued and I opened the door to one of my favorite rooms.

When Lord opened the door and I walked into the room - I'm sure that he heard me quietly gasp, "OH MY!" I felt like I'd stepped back in time, but to an era that I couldn't be quite sure of the year. Although the room was quite warm, it appeared that all the walls were of stone. Being barefoot I felt a soft warm carpet and then noticed that it was thick and a beautiful mahogany color. I'd never seen as many things hanging on a wall and was not quite sure what all of them were. I started to walk into the room when I felt Lord's hand stopping me, "*pet, I need you to change into something, and I shall change into something, then we shall proceed.*" He walked to a closet and opened a door that was designed with the crest of the castle. I could not see into it until he held up to me what I was to wear. I knew I looked stunned by the way he grinned. I had thought it would be leather but it was a Victorian dress. I wasn't sure why but I fit into it quite easily, as if it was made for me. It had a very low cut bodice, and was made of burgundy velvet. The sleeves were low off the shoulders with soft, loosely-draped sleeves. The front center area below the bodice of the dress was white-chiffon. It had been sewn to show very soft folds of the material that were very slimming. They fitted and flowed like a gentle waterfall, downward toward my ankles.

Turning toward Lord I had expected him to be fully clothed in Victorian attire. I should have known by then that Lord never quite did what one expected. I did gasp since he was naked except for knee high black leather boots and a black leather vest.

I know he enjoyed my look of pure shock when he said, "*Would you prefer to switch outfits, although I do recall that this may be too revealing for your comfort zone?*"

Laughing I smiled and said, "You look as if you stepped out of a fashion magazine, but I'm not quite sure of the magazine."

Holding out his hand for me to hold we walked to a wall that was one large mirror. I could see that it showed every part of the room and you could see the walls. I wasn't quite relaxed as I found standing there quite uncomfortable when Lord said, "*Well, I can see you have studied every part of this room but those that stand before the mirror. How do you like your reflection?*"

Gazing into the mirror I answered, "You look quite dashing."

I shall admit to being quite pleased that she found me dashing, as she stated, but that was not my question to her. Knowing pet found any reference to herself quite uncomfortable for her to answer I rephrased the question.

“pet, how do you like the dress that you are wearing,” pet, of course, answered that she found the dress to be beautiful. I then questioned closer to my goal, “I am pleased that you find the dress beautiful. And it seems to fit comfortably, is that correct?” pet, of course, answered that it fit comfortably. I thought that I would then ask, “pet, now that I know the dress is beautiful and fits you comfortably may I make the assumption that you like your reflection?”

Ah, my pet’s famous look of not wanting to actually like how she looked in something. I was waiting for her famous fidgeting and look away from the mirror. I had thought we were quite past this stage, at least with me and although tiring of her issues with her looks I knew saying too much would destroy her, “pet, since you seem not to be able to know how beautiful you are I feel in this particular dress you are exquisite.” The smile on my pet’s lips made it worth taking the time, “Now, my beauty, do you agree with my assessment – I want you to gaze into the mirror at the gown and not say a word.”

Moving in back of my beauty I placed my hands on each of her shoulders and then leaning forward placed my lips close to her ear, “Mine, every inch of your body belongs to me. Mine forever.” I felt her lean into my hands and relax. Her gaze became dreamy and her eyelids relaxed - I could feel her begin to see herself as I was. “Mine, and you shall remain mine. I had thought that I would never meet someone that I wanted forever, but you, my pet have brought the realization to me that one fateful stormy night.”

Pet was now leaning back on my chest as I gently rocked her. Placing my arms around her waist I held her tightly to me and whispered, “You are truly beautiful, are you not?”

I felt great progress when she whispered, “I guess so.” I decided that I would leave it at that and not press for more. I had the dress made for her, so I knew that she would feel comfortable in it, and it would not be tight when she tried to fit into it.

Now it was time. I especially liked the feel of this dress and cupping her breasts I squeezed both them and the material – I watched her gazing in the mirror at my hands. Whispering to her I began to weave the feelings I wanted in her.

“My beauty, watch how my hands caress your breasts and your special gown. See in my eyes and feel through my touch how much I need to do this to you – to feel you. The material feels soft against you and it would please me greatly to be allowed by you to caress more of you. My beauty, May I touch more of you?”

I felt as if my pet was about to swoon and faint. Her eyes closed and her body and soul were mine as she whispered, “Yes, Lord, I need this and you, forever.”

My hands squeezed the material together and her breasts pushed higher above the material. I was hard and wanted to shove inside of her but we had hours left and the wall waited.

“Mine, lift the front of the dress high so I can see what belongs to only me. Do it now without hesitation, I want you to do it now.”

I knew she was almost where I could tell her anything and she would obey me. The soft dress was quickly lifted and bunched at her waist in the front. The dress softly flowed around her and draped on either side of her legs as if framing her beauty. With one hand still holding her breast very tightly so she felt pressure my other hand began to rub her pussy. I heard her sigh, as my body continued to slowly rock hers back and forth as if a slow dance. With my hand cupping her mound I slid my middle finger between her pussy lips to find my pet quite wet and ready for what was to be. Gently playing with her clit I demanded that she watch my hands on her body and how they owned her flesh.

I felt her body giving over to the movement of my hands. Without thought she moved in unison with the sway of my body and the squeezing and massaging of my hands. Her gaze dreamily followed all movement gazing down and then upward to her breasts. With the toe of my boot I pressed against her ankle and she opened to a wider stance allowing me more access to that which I owned. I waited until her body felt heavy against me – my pet was now relaxed to the point that I needed her to be. Kissing her neck...tracing a slow line up to her ear I whispered so low that she needed to press her ear to my lips for her to hear, “Mine, I need more of you and the gown. I need you to become all that I want and need. This is what you want, is it not?” Her breathlessly murmured, “Yes, my Master” was very nicely said, to which I indeed replied, “Yes, my beauty, I am Master and you will always be mine.” I knew that every time I used the wording, mine, it wrapped her in my world of security.

Slowly, so as not to break the atmosphere I turned her to me and placed a newly purchased two-inch wide, soft, black-leather collar around her neck - it had rings on the front, back and sides. I held her to my flesh so she would not think more of the collar.

“pet, it is what I wish you to wear for me and you shall now only feel pleasure or pain but it shall all be for me. It is all for what I want and need. You are mine to serve my every wish.”

She now needed more than standing against me listening to words. Like the cat that roamed the Castle at night, that would need to rub against my leg, I felt her breasts and body pressing and moving against me in a pleasure filled trance of wanting sensations.

Never letting go of her I moved her backwards, until we were at the wall of chains. Turning her as if we were dancing, the wall was now at her back and pressing against her she was pushed against the wall into the place I needed her to be. Kissing her lips I held up one of her arms and quickly locked a cuff around her wrist. Again her other arm was relaxed and her wrist easy to cuff - her lips were seeking mine in need as if quenching a thirst.

Knowing my next move was something new to her I kissed her roughly and squeezed her breasts hard and painful. Her body answered for more. Again using the toe of my boot I pushed her legs wider and in position that I needed them to be in. “My beauty, close your eyes and whisper to me how you need me.” As quickly as she did my bidding I quickly chained both ankles to the wall cuffs. Kissing her before she ended her sentence I undid her hair from the clip she wore so it flowed around her shoulders. I do not think my pet realized what had just transpired.

Then moving away I whispered, “You are just where I need you to be. I will be back in a moment. For now, you are to look at the other wall into the mirror and gaze at your gown - how your arms and legs look chained – you are, after all, here for me to do as I please.”

I smiled when her gaze took in the full image of her arms overhead and her legs wide open. The black-leather wrist and ankle cuffs held her for my pleasure. I noticed that she was also watching my return to her and without further delay I pulled a short bench in front of her and lifted her gown so my hands were quite invisible under it. I knew she could see everything in the mirror, yet see nothing of what I was doing.

“Ah, my pet, this is such a fun position if you feel the pull of the cuffs when you try to move - then you can’t move your legs when you try to move away from the pressure. Now, on to what I want.”

In a moment I had her pussy lips spread quite wide with my fingers and played with her clit pulling at it. Then I saw her eyes go wide at the feeling of something being pushed slowly into her. I knew my pet thought I would use a vibrator but she was not expecting one with a placement that would be pushed into her nice bottom. Securely inside both of her nice

openings I attached the straps around her legs and up around her waist to hold it firmly inside of her. The nice sound of her gown ruffling while I worked was intoxicating to me. Now turning it on low and lowering her gown I sat back on the bench to watch her reflection in the mirror. It was not long before she was trying to move against the restraints. My voice was soothing and I wished her to try not to fight the restraints.

“What a beautiful gown you are wearing, pet. I can see the nice warmth beginning to flow through your body. The flush on your breasts...gaze at them in the mirror. See your body in the gown. Gaze at how your arms are cuffed and your body wants to move. Gaze at my body as I sit here naked waiting for you to lose all control.”

I saw the look of astonishment and continued, “Yes, pet. You heard your Master quite clearly. I am going to sit here with my cock hard, as you can quite see it is, caused by your beauty chained and at your discomfort. I have no intentions of freeing you until your body screams in orgasm.”

I watched as her gaze went from dreamy to intense trying to squirm but the vibrator was quite held in place. I do so excel at that placement within her body of toys. Now, I could see the sheen of sweat on her breasts and hear the ankle chains pulling as she tried to move her legs together. I sat quietly and could feel my cock getting harder and my balls tightening in response to what I was viewing in the mirror.

Ah, now she would whimper my name and all I did was respond, “Yes, my beauty, you can’t see what is in you, all you can see is your beautiful gown and how your body needs release, is that no so? Does my beauty need permission to come for me for the first part of this night?”

She whimpered her need to me and I felt I would like to move on from this. “Come for me. Gaze at my cock and feel that cock inside of you and up your nice ass.” As her gaze in the mirror locked onto my cock I stroked it. I watched her involuntarily lick her lips, “Does my pet bitch want to suck this cock of mine? Is her need so great that instead of a vibrator up her pretty ass she wants this thicker cock shoving into her? Is this not true that you need to come, so you can have what you really deserve?”

When she begged I smiled, “Now, then bitch – my pet, my beauty, feel the vibrations up your pussy and ass and come on it for me.”

I enjoyed the walls of my castle keeping her scream, from floating to the rest of the world. Her whimpers and crying my name held secretly within the walls of my tower chamber. As exhaustion set in and she slumped downward against her chains I quickly released them and carried her to the couch. Sitting her on my lap I slid my hands under her gown removing the straps holding the vibrator that I removed so she could rest.

I whispered, "This night has just begun and I have a thick cock waiting for release. But, that is still hours away and I need more from you. Is that what you are here for?"

She whispered that she was here for my pleasure. Yes, that was the truth for it would continue. I held her on my lap while she rested. I would allow her to rest a few moments and then it would continue. "pet, my cock is hard and need you. Will you please me? Is that not correct?"

"Yes, Lord, that is correct."

I had thought that is the end of things and we would continue a relaxing evening, until the phone rang.

I had been resting for what seemed like hours but actually was only a few moments. The depth of relaxation is what always amazed me. It was as if it had been a full night and I always felt refreshed when I woke. When the phone rang, for a moment, I'd thought it was the alarm clock and that it was morning. I felt Lord moving me off his lap and suddenly he was speaking on a phone that I never noticed on the wall. Through a haze of pleasure I could see it was serious and about business. I tried to focus and think about business - but I was too relaxed.

When he came back to the couch and reached for my hand he smiled, "*pet, we need to leave the tower and drive to your home. Nothing is wrong. We need to be in your office tomorrow afternoon.*"

I heard what he said but I didn't really care for the moment and sleepily answered, "Hmm, yes, office, no problem." I remember him lifting me in his arms and the next moment I woke we were only a few miles from my house.

I looked at him, "Lord, how did I get dressed, and how did we get here?"

He smiled, *“Pet, you did not quite get dressed. I had to completely hold you up, while you dressed, and complained that you did not wish to think about business. Oh, and additionally you snored for five miles.”*

That woke me up, “I DON’T SNORE!”

Laughing he said, *“Now I know how to quite get your attention, if needed. I lied, you did not snore. Now, let’s get in the house. It is starting to rain.”*

My next shock was when Lord began bringing in the luggage and computer equipment. *“Uh, exactly how long are we planning to stay here. I realize I need to be back at work, but are you able to stay for a week?”* I had thought that I sounded quite relaxed while noticing that there was enough equipment for much longer than a week.

As I followed him into my house he answered me, *“I will stay for as long as it takes.”*

I wanted to call my friend, Marnie, and tell her that he’s staying for as long as it takes. I knew she would immediately demand what “it” meant. Then she would want to know how long I anticipated that “it” would take. I knew enough not to ask more questions. It was now raining and we needed to get everything into my house.

Chapter 21

Sitting in my own bed reading my favorite book Atlas Shrugged, I wondered if things could be stranger than they seemed now. A few chains, whips, and control seemed normal compared to if I was in love with Derek. I was back in my home surroundings, and it always made me feel as if I was living a dream at Castlewood and that he was not part of my life, but a dream. Then, maybe I should ask him if he planned on staying in my life. Not wanting to sound possessive I went over a few different ways to ask how long this was to go on.

I heard him in the other room turn off the shower and in a moment I heard the door open and his footsteps walking down the hall to the room. Then as he walked into the room with a black bath towel wrapped around his waist, his beautiful black hair still wet, and his black eyes gazing at me, I thought that maybe this too was a dream. He was smiling at me and laughed, *“pet, you seem either surprised I am standing here, or have a question that you are mulling over. You are smiling and staring. May I help you with a decision, prior to our leaving for the office. It is imperative that we start to dress and leave the house.”*

I didn't answer right away since, at the moment, asking him if he was ever leaving me didn't seem like an opportune time for an answer. Actually, thinking upon everything I came to the conclusion that the entire relationship was not realistic, and that there would never be an opportune time for a question or an answer. He always only said I was his. It wasn't like he ever said Mine and Marry Me! I knew I was getting myself worked up into quite a snit, so tried to sound calm when I answered, "No, everything is quite fine, Derek, I'm heading for my business suit." I made sure my actions were slow as I took out my Kasper Ltd. black tailored suit, and black spike heels. Yes, if one had to go to the office in a snarky mood, one may as well look their best. I didn't say anything about what was bothering me, but instead I kept the conversation business. Lord wanted to take care of business? Well then, I would prove I could do that quite well.

"Derek, I believe we are back here due to some new development with James Carter trying to destroy RJC Communications? What is the agenda for the afternoon?"

I watched as he finished dressing and started reading papers, placing them in a particular order within his attaché case.

He gazed at me for a long moment then answered, "*Jessika, it isn't actually anything that James has done outwardly. James doesn't do business in any honest way. James has been working on destroying Chadwick's credibility and persuaded your largest advertiser, Christa Cosmetics, that their money would be in jeopardy if they continued with a new term. The loss of revenue would cause immediate lay-offs of employees and start a domino effect for other advertising.*"

I was furious but still didn't know what we were going to do, or what Roger would be doing. "Derek, what exactly are we going to be doing, to whom or with whom, and I need some type of answer so when I get to the office I'm at least on the same playing field with you."

By now we were in the car and heading to the office – I must have been daydreaming since it seemed like one moment we were in the car and the next moment we were heading down the hallway to my office. He did explain that Lance Cosmetics would not return any phone calls to Roger. The administrator that we dealt with for over twenty years would only say how sorry she was, and that she had instructions not to put anyone from RJC through on the phone. I was more confused as to what I was going to be doing at the meeting with Roger Chadwick, James Carter and Derek. I wasn't an officer of any of the company's, I clearly infuriated James Carter, and had no decision making, or ideas to put forward other than to want to hit James Carter with a chair. I felt like I was caught up in a riptide and just moving with the water - we entered the conference room before anyone else.

“Derek, what the hell is going on? Granted you have explained what has happened. Granted you know the idiot James, but what am I suppose to do when he insists I leave the room?”

I was more confused by his answer, *“Jessika, you sit and don’t reply to anything he says. You do not leave; you sit and don’t offer any ideas, solutions, reprimands, or anything. Can you trust me on this? Do not look surprised at anything I say or do. It is imperative that you appear as if it has all been discussed, signed and ready to put in place. Can you do this for me? This game of James’ can destroy RJC and I have a few plans, but I am honestly not sure which one to put forward, until the moment it may be called for to do it. Can you do this? Sit and do nothing?”*

I thought about it and since I had no idea what was going on figured that should be quite easy, “No problem, since I’ve no clue what to do anyway, that should be quite easy to sit and do nothing.”

The next moment the door opened and it was as if everyone walked in at one time. Roger James Chadwick, President of RJC Communications – Troy Sutton, Chief Operating Officer of DTS Communications – James S. Carter, President of JSC Communications, Christa Carlson of Christa Cosmetics – Karlie Kramer of Kramer Cosmetics, our next largest advertiser. I was shocked, since without our two largest advertisers it wouldn’t just be lay offs, but put the company’s finances in serious jeopardy.

Everyone sat down and started pulling out papers and folders, sipping at coffee, talking small conversation about the government making stupid decisions on large businesses. I gazed around the table and was even more shocked when James was glaring at me with a snide smile.

His voice was even more annoying than his smile, “Well, look whose here at the table, Jessika. How are you Jessika?”

Everyone at the table glanced over at me and I was about to answer but remembered I promised not to say anything. It would be rude not to answer but a promise is a promise. I gave him my happiest smile and then looked down and shuffled papers to break the eye contact.

I heard him say my name again but then Derek broke into the conversation.

“First, I’d like to thank Roger for calling me and for everyone clearing their calendars to make this meeting on such short notice. I do realize that many of the decisions made are proprietary and not

wished to be discussed. Respecting that I thought it best, to have a fifteen minute introduction from Roger, and Troy and I think it will clarify quite a few things.”

I was stunned when James cut in and started speaking, as if Derek hadn't said anything.

James continued, “I'm sure out of being polite, we're interested in what they have to say but we know that DTS and RJC are two separate companies. DTS has no business even being here for these discussions. I'm not quite sure what Derek, Troy and the file clerk are doing here, but it still doesn't change the fact that I proved that RJC is not the avenue for advertising. This is actually a waste of time since my company showed a clear program that will guarantee advertising ROI within a short period of time.”

Roger tried to speak, “James, I have a right to show that we are extremely solvent, and I have no idea why you would think otherwise.”

James laughed, “As if you would admit to it? You have a file clerk at a high level confidential meeting. Explain that?”

I thought that this was the moment that I'm supposed to jump up and hit him with a chair. The first thing I noticed about Christa, when she suddenly intervened, was her calm demeanor. Although she appeared very gentle with a soft and none threatening tone, her voice had a steel edge to it that did not allow any arguing. Perhaps it was just the way she slightly leaned forward when she spoke, but all went silent at her first words and all paid attention to her.

She smiled toward James and in her soft voice said, “James, James, James, it has only been a week since our last meeting, please stay calm. Additionally, I must point out to you that a file-clerk does not wear Kasper Ltd. business suits to work. In any event, a file clerk that did wear my favorite suits obviously would be a file clerk to be reckoned with - and one that has extremely good taste in clothes. Be that as it may, James, I think it would best serve my time, rather than you bickering who should, or should not be at this table, that you prefer to find out how solvent your competitor is. I am not concerned with who files what, for whom. As far as I'm concerned she's here and therefore I prefer to move on.”

I was amazed James didn't answer but then she looked over at Derek and said, “It's been a long time Derek, will you be staying in the area?”

Derek's answer bothered me even more than her question, *"Yes, there's business that you and I need to finish."*

James coughed, "Well, children, let's save the old time sake for a different venue. We may as well listen to Roger explain why any company should advertise with a dinosaur."

I felt like my neck kept turning one way and then another, while I stared at the people speaking but didn't have a grasp on what was happening.

Roger smiled and quietly responded, "Well, I agree that all companies should constantly stay with the times. In keeping with that about three months ago DTS and RJC created a new company. Although the new company will be managed by Troy, it is woman owned and operated. We were waiting until Q4 to announce it – I will now turn this over to Derek to continue and finish.

Derek glanced over at me and I must have looked like I was going to faint - he smiled and said, *"Jessika, don't faint."*

He smiled at Christa, then continued, *"New company, new joint venture, capital isn't a problem. That in effect means that advertising will be offered to whomever its CEO feels is a good fit. Therefore, that means she does not rely on revenue as her base reason for invitation. The magazine will be communications, of course, but from a woman's perspective in the business place. Keeping with the use of initials the magazine will simply be called JT Communications. The magazine has already hired Bethany Asher, of Bethany Designs, to do the graphic designs."*

I sat there recalling all the people that I've met in the industry whose initials were JTR but could not recall anyone. I did know of Bethany Asher, since she was one of the top graphic artists in the area.

Christa queried, "Derek, you were always one for drama but who is JTR and where does he work? I'd like to find out all my options, now that I know Roger is not about to become what James thought - an extinct fossil. James, I will still commit to a certain amount of ad space in your magazine - that is assured."

James stood up, "Well, then I have no interest in JTR and don't want to waste time here, but the species will become a fossil very soon." With that he walked to the door. Turning he said to Derek, "Whose JTR?"

Derek sipped his coffee, *"Jessika – Troy – Roger Communications"*

With that James slammed the conference door on his way out.

With that I fainted.

Chapter 22

I didn't remember fainting. I did remember voices.

"Derek, is she okay? Why did she faint?"

I heard his voice, "Jessika tends to faint, swoon and worry. She's also a dedicated owner and worries over her company."

I tried to walk through the fog in my head and ask what company, but I couldn't wake up - but I heard conversations.

"Brilliant plan Derek, Jessika has always been my right hand here at RJC."

"Roger, has she fainted a lot at work?"

"Jessika has never fainted that I recall here at work. Derek has she fainted at Castlewood?"

"Jessika has been to Castlewood? I thought no one is ever invited to Castlewood?"

"Jessika wasn't invited."

"Then how did Jessika spend time there?"

I was fighting my way up through the fog in my brain and managed to sit up. I found Derek smiling at me and Christa looking at me with a curious smile. Karlie was smiling, but smiling at Troy, as if no one else was in the room. I sounded far away when I said, "I apologize. I must have fainted. I think I fainted. Derek, did I faint? I hope I fainted, since I'm sitting on the floor. I remember being at the table and then nothing."

Christa answered, "You definitely fainted. But you did it quite beautifully, if that helps."

I gazed at Christa, smiling sheepishly I answered, “Yes, I guess if one faints they don’t want their skirt landing in a manner that is tacky.”

Then Derek took over, “*Okay, Jessika, let’s get you up and into your office. I shall return in a moment. Troy can you come with us and make sure Jessika is okay, while I go over some aspects of the new company with Christa and Karli?*” In the next moment I was lifted into his arms – that was enough to make me want to faint but I just closed my eyes since I didn’t want to see any of this. Then I heard Karlie volunteer to come with Troy to help take care of me. This was too much for me to deal with. In a moment I was at my desk and Derek went back to the conference room, without saying anything to me other than he would return as soon as possible.

Karlie closed my office door, “Jessika, are you okay? I’ve no intentions of pulling Kramer Cosmetics as one of the RJC accounts. Troy, when did you decide to be part of JTC?”

Looking at Troy I asked the same question, “Yes, I’m fine. I’m not sure why I fainted – probably too much dieting and too little food. Troy, when exactly did you decide to be part of JTC – when did I decide to be part of JTC?”

Troy looked as if he was on trial, with both of us looking at him for an explanation. He was sitting next to Karlie and only answered, “It’s been in the works for a long time, but timing made Derek feel that the announcement was needed. There was no time to explain.”

Karlie looked at me, “How long have you and Derek been business partners. Actually, how do you know Derek? He never leaves his house! Did you meet him here? Has Derek decided to get back in business, so Troy can get some time off from work?”

I wasn’t sure how to answer, “Met Derek? Oh, yes, how did I meet Derek? Well, I was actually on vacation.”

Karlie smiled, “And? Vacation where? You were on vacation and Derek was where? Derek was on a vacation?”

Thinking back I didn’t really meet him, I came across him. “Karlie, it is a tad complicated. My car broke down, I rang his door, he had no phones, I left to walk to town, the weather was bad - the weather was actually a storm. There wasn’t any place to walk that was close, so I went back to his house. He opened the door and I guess I came across him, more than actually meeting him. I think I annoyed him being at his door. But that’s about it.”

Troy offered, "I met Jessika at a business meeting at DTS headquarters."

Karlie walked over to Troy and without explanation sat right down on his lap. Troy without any explanation put his arms around her. I was beginning to believe this was all a dream and in a moment I'd wake up hearing my alarm clock, so I didn't say anything else – I was waiting to wake up. Finally Troy explained that a few years ago he and Karlie were engaged, but he moved for a few months, to help Derek with DTS. Then, a few months turned into a year and then two. Then Karlie's company became successful and she couldn't move and really didn't want to and they broke up.

Karlie interrupted him, "We didn't really break up. We just drifted apart. It was finally calling each other on weekends. Then weekends were missed. I'm not sure how it happened - we just were friends and not engaged. But, I kept the ring!" Laughing she looked at him, kissed him on the nose and repeated, "And, I'm keeping it – we may still need it!"

Now I was sure I was dreaming. There were two people in my office that were still in love, but for some odd reason didn't say it. I started counting, to myself, but when I got to fifty I realized I couldn't possibly be sleeping and this was somehow real.

The door opened and my co-worker Kanda walked in advising us that Derek had left with Christa and had requested that Troy give me a ride home. It seemed that Derek would explain later.

I hoped I could faint again but my dream was now becoming a nightmare. But, at all times one must keep up appearances. I thanked her; Troy said he'd drive me home and I mentally planned how I was going to really make Lord pay for this day. At least I hoped he was actually returning and not taking Christa to Castlewood!

To be succinct the ride home was stressful, but once home pacing the floor was worse. Well, when the going gets tough the tough, after reaching for Oreo cookies and a glass of milk, get going. If I was not the partial owner, or whatever, of a company and my name was first then I was going to run it.

JTR - Jessika – Troy – Roger Communications. Now that did have a nice ring to it and I was quite intent on working on definitions, aim and scope when I heard a key in the door. I didn't stand up since it had been four hours and I didn't quite see why he had to be with someone for that length of time.

I knew when he was standing directly in back of me.

“Jessika, that is quite a lengthy chart and it seems very well produced.”

I didn't look up from my laptop monitor, but answered, “Yes, Derrick, I'd quite a bit of time to produce it at leisure. About four hours, give or take an hour.

“I trust that there was a message within that sentence, Jessika, am I not correct?”

“There was no message. I'm tired. I've done the matrix for the new company, I'm sure you'll be satisfied with the results.”

I walked past him and in a moment I felt him - his hand grabbing my arm – I stopped. I knew I wasn't going to just walk past Lord when he had that look on his face. I was right – we had things to discuss.

“pet, we have things to discuss.”

Chapter 23

I knew that look, in her eyes. Whenever she was insecure it was obvious to me - she was torn between wishing to obey me, but thinking that she may be wrong to obey me. Of course, it would be not only wrong not to obey me, but not in my pet's best interest. Obey, listen, take advice was all the same to me. I would only do what was best for her, in her interest, not mine. Mine – yes, the important word to me that would revolve around her. I needed to leave.

“pet, I need to leave tonight, for Castlewood, and it shall be best if you return to Castlewood. I want you to pack what you shall need for an extended stay.”

“Well, there are many things that I want, that don't happen, too”

Ah, I could see my meeting, with Christa, was not taken very well. I did not think that it would, but I had hoped, by this time, my pet would realize it is only she that I need and want. Words...pet always wanted the words. For this time I decided it would be best to compromise rather than demand, since I had to leave within a few moments.

“I shall rephrase my sentence. pet, I need to leave tonight for Castlewood and it shall be best if you return to Castlewood, by my side. I trust that you notice this corrective measure I am stating? Now, please, I need you to pack what you shall need, as I wish us to have an extended stay.”

pet wisely did not answer but stood up, smiled, glanced at her watch and then advised she would be ready in twenty minutes. I was quite surprised she was ready in ten minutes, but then found that she had written a list of things that her friend was to ship.

I was sitting in the car, when the passenger door opened and pet looked over at me and asked, “Are you sure I won’t be interfering with any meetings you need to have with Christa, if I’m staying at Castlewood, for an extended time?”

I was not sure, at this point, if I wished to reason with her illogical thinking - but leaving was of the utmost importance to me. I am a man of doing what is needed to save time, and do what needs to be done, “pet, get in the damn car. No, you shall not be a burden in any manner. I shall explain so you are sure to understand about Christa. I shall only explain about Christa once we are driving. Until such time, that we are driving, please refrain from having your thoughts create scenarios. I will need to speak with Christa on the phone...conference call...you sitting with me on our end of the call?” I grinned at her – “Now, my dear, get your ass into that seat next to me? Is that not correct?”

I have never been quite sure how she moved so quickly, but she was duly buckled in her seat belt in the blink of an eye, and we were on the road up the coast.

To make the time pass and to keep her mind from making up scenarios that would throw her into insecurity I suggested, “What have you enjoyed the most about your stay at Castlewood? The room that is located in the tower? The rooms located on the lower level?” I could quite tell that this was not the conversation she had thought we would be having during travel. I know my pet quite well - I had no intention of speaking about work. I had all intentions of bringing us quickly back to our comfortable lifestyle she seemed to need, as much as I.

“pet, is there not a room you like?”

She answered, “A room? A room at Castlewood I had liked? Is that what you’re asking? Which of the rooms, I had liked?”

“Well, you perhaps can ask it a number of different ways, but I do believe that you have the actual concept of the inquiry. Yes, a room. Yes, a room at Castlewood. Yes, I was asking you, of those rooms, which of them you liked?”

“I actually like the library den. I know you thought that I’d choose one of the rooms we did the, uh well, you know what I mean. But, if I had to recall a room that I liked immediately, then it was the first night I entered the library den area and you offered me hot cocoa.”

“Ah, yes, I do recall the beginning quite well. You were quite chilled and the den was the first room that we entered together. Yes, that is a very good choice. Upon our return we shall first find our way to the den, for a few hours, is that not correct?”

I was about to reply that he’s correct, but then I realized he’d said for a few hours. I didn’t really care since being at Castlewood, in the library, was my favorite room. “Lord, I do realize that you said for a few hours. I also quite agree that we should spend our first few hours in the library, and many more hours in the library. Are you going to go over work, as soon as we get to Castlewood, in the library, for a few hours - or something?”

“yes, pet, something.”

I looked out the window and asked, “Something? I think that I may be very pleased to do something with you in the den...or rather, I would be pleased to do something for you, in the den.” His fingers caressed my cheek as he said, *“yes, you shall do quite a lot of something, that shall please me...in the library...your favorite room...upon our return.*

I could visually see relaxation was now taking over her entire being. She did not realize that she sighed in contentment and relaxed against the seat. The car sped through the dark night up the coast highway. Although I did not care for all her musical choices I had turned on her favorite dvd - in a moment she closed her eyes. She was reciting to me, in her low falling asleep voice, all that she loved about the library, from the carpet to the bookcases. I did not answer...I waited until she recited herself to sleep, something she seemed to do quite well. I pondered the best way to explain to pet about Christa. I was not used to explaining my actions to anyone, nor did I care to start explaining my actions, at this time. I smiled at the thought that they had seemed like two female cats, meeting for the first time. Each immediately hissing at the other, ready to fight for what they deemed their territory. I did not care for the thought of conference calls, or hissing fights, and would need to meet Christa in person. This would be a chore that I did not relish dealing with. I did not wish to hurt, or make pet insecure, but I would not tolerate having to answer to pet for my actions, on any level of business.

pet was still sleeping - probably still reciting in her dreams things she liked about the library. Gazing at her I also would not tolerate her ever leaving me...but that, I knew, would never happen. Mine.

Chapter 24

I had thought it only a moment that I had slept, but then realized the car had stopped and Lord had opened my car door. His hand was extended to me and his voice was a deep tone, that it seemed to take on when we were at Castlewood, “pet, let us get inside before you catch a chill from the night air – we are home – we are at our Castlewood.”

Walking slowly toward the doors I recalled how ominous I had thought they were the first time I had knocked on them. The dark wood still made them appear as if they did not want to be knocked upon and to turn and leave. Gazing at the front yard I realized I didn’t mind all the weeds and overgrowth that at first I had thought should be mowed. It also seemed to say that Castlewood did not want you to walk onto the property. Actually thinking for a moment about the appearance of the property I found that I was quite satisfied with that message. I realized that I didn’t want anyone coming to visit Castlewood to disturb us.

“Lord, do you remember when I once mentioned how over grown the front was with rose bushes, and weeds?”

“yes, pet, I recall you were in a sort of snit, of some sort. I also recall it was more of a reprimand in a high tone voice rather than conversationally being mentioned. Your exact words were that you felt I was odd, had no respect for anyone in trouble, and that you could break your ankle trying to get back to the road- then in a louder voice you yelled that I should cut everything down. Then you proceeded to storm out the door, which turned out to be into a storm. Is that the moment you are now speaking about that I should recall?”

I did recall that it happened as he’d just mentioned – I’d been hoping that he wouldn’t have recalled it with such clarity. “Yes, that’s the moment. Thank you for such clear and precise recall! But, what I wished to say is that I now like the message that the front area portrays and do not wish it changed. Perhaps I can trim the roses - I do love the pink Baby Bell roses, and they are a tad growing way out of proportion - all over each other. Would that be okay if I only trimmed the roses, but we leave the rest of the brambles, weeds and overgrowth the way it is now?”

I knew he liked my idea and I was pleased when he mentioned that we would order everything I would need to have the front the way I wanted – nice, yet not inviting. I laughed at the description, but that was exactly how I felt it should be.

We took a moment to leave the luggage by the stairs and walked back into the den. The fireplace was already lit and the room was warm and cozy. He answered my question before I even had the chance to think to ask it.

“Troy was here about an hour ago and lit the fireplace – I had thought this might be your room of choice. He has quite left the property and we are quite alone, here at Castlewood...home.”

I gazed at her expression when I mentioned the word home and had used it quite specifically. There was much to do and very little time to accomplish all that was needed. I walked to the large oak desk and placed a variety of objects on it. Then, without a word to pet I removed all my clothes and dressed in a robe made of silk. “pet, I am going to the kitchen and will bring back something warm for us to drink. There is a robe on the desk that you shall change in to, is that not correct?” I didn’t expect pet would answer but at least shaking her head in agreement was all that I needed from her for the moment. I left the room.

Walking to the desk I picked up the robe, realizing that it was very expensive. The color was the royal blue I loved, but it was very sheer and I felt uncomfortable when I was finally wearing it. I heard Lord walking back into the room and looked up from a book I was reading.

Smiling I laughed, “And Sir just what do you find amusing that you’re standing in the door grinning.”

“Ah, how proactive and inventive – what to call it? Ah, how about silk covered with a denim blouse?”

I knew he wouldn’t be upset that I had my shirt over the robe, “Well, Sir, it’s a tad cold, and I didn’t want to become chilled.”

“Ah, yes, the fire does make it chilly – well, then I think I have a solution – let me place the hot chocolate on the table and I have something that shall suit the situation.”

I was glad he wasn’t upset but had no idea what he was going to do. I was sipping the hot chocolate when he came back into the room with a robe hanging over his arm.

“I think this shall be better and we shall leave silk to a later time.”

I quickly removed my shirt, the silk robe, and in a moment was in a wonderful royal blue, thick, large, terry-cloth robe sipping my hot chocolate. Lord walked over to the desk and I laughed since he walked back wearing a royal blue terry-cloth robe matching the one I had on.

“I trust you feel more comfortable with something not as revealing, is that not correct? No, do not try to think of an answer since I know that to be the truth. You look just as stunning in your cover up as I imagine you looked in the silk. Don’t fret – I find this more comfortable for our first night home. I would think this night we shall be rather mundane but I do find that comfortable, at times.”

I was quite relieved, since I was very tired, mentally and physically. It was quite a chore to suddenly own a company, have a partner, and now be home - but not really be home. I reached for another cup of hot cocoa. Sitting down next to me I was surprised when he put his arm around me and we sat in silence. It was comforting and I smiled as I started to tell Lord how much I liked the room. I apparently fell asleep.

Chapter 25

Stretching and waking up...a feeling of peace and contentment engulfed my world – then I shot straight up in bed looking all around. I even said out loud, “What the heck - where am I?” I was gazing straight ahead and looking out of a window, where a wall should have been. I was overlooking the stable area of the property and the hills in the distance. Gazing around this room I noticed that there was a fireplace with two large comfortable chairs, two bookcases from floor to ceiling filled with books, two dressers, and two closets. It seemed as if the room had everything in double. On one dresser it had a beautiful older jewelry box, and on the other dresser were flowers growing in planters. I then realized that Lord was across the room...quite dashing wearing a towel around his waist and obviously just out of a shower.

I had been in the shower, but instinctively knew that she had woken up and probably was quite confused. I had never taken a person to this wing of the castle, that I had designed myself. “Good morning, pet, you seem very well rested. Before you start with questions, of where you are, I shall be pleased to explain that we are in the south wing of the Castle which, at times, had been my personal quarters to reside in. I designed this area myself and thought that you

would enjoy the view upon waking plus I wanted to share these rooms with you". I could see some odd play of emotion across her face but was quite surprised by her question.

“Lord, these are very beautiful quarters. Why are there two of each item, if only you designed them for yourself?”

“Ah, now we were at the crux of the play of emotions I had noticed. pet, I clearly stated that I had designed them myself- not that I designed them for myself. I apparently on a deeper level of consciousness must have anticipated that one day there would be a storm, a car would break down, and a knock would be upon my door. I had known that when that happens then I would need double of certain things. And, to my luck, here you are! Now, I trust that should suffice and your insecurity has left completely?”

I know that she wanted to say she was not insecure and was only asking a question but she shyly smiled and I knew I had explained to her understanding. At times I did find that type of explaining a chore and more like making up a fantasy story, but it seemed that it always calmed her down. “How about starting the day with a nice lavender bath?” I did not give her time to think but turned walking into the bath area and turned on the hot water. As the tub was filling I poured in lavender salts and oil. Hearing the door close, I stood up, turned to her and answered her question before she could ask it. “I’ll give you a few moments and then I shall return.” I grinned at her obvious appreciation for time alone, “When you are ready you can climb into the tub and I’ll be back.”

I’d been surprised by the bedroom décor. It was obvious that this room was designed for someone and it was definitely not Lord. It had everything that I would pick for this type of room. For a moment I was angry that he would design it for someone. He’d said it was with me in mind, so maybe he went through all of this so my next few months here would be comfortable. The mineral salts were my favorite – he had lavender oil and all of my favorite items. I quickly poured in more bubble bath and slipped in to a warm tub of aroma therapy mineral salts. Closing my eyes I leaned back against the tub feeling relaxed, calm and content. Lord walked in, lit candles that were already in the room and then he turned off the overhead lights. A warm bright glow filled the room, while lavender and vanilla scents swirled around me. Sitting down on the edge of the tub in back of me, he swung his legs in and I was leaning now leaning against his legs. I wondered what he was going to do and so wanted to keep relaxing in the warm water.

I had purposely changed into a pair of gym shorts, so she would realize this was not to be a sexual encounter, but I could see the question in her eyes. “Jessika, I want you to relax and

enjoy the oils and aromatic scents. Lean your head back on my legs.” I heard a mumbled yes Derrick - I knew that my message did get absorbed by her in full.” I started a slow massage of her temples and above her eyes, cheekbones, neck and shoulders. I had thought she was just about relaxed but one thing about my Jessika, is that her brain does not quite relax quickly.

“Derrick, you are quite adept at that, did you do it a lot?”

I managed to quell the anger that had started within me. I was determined to stay with my plan and not let anything deter my course of action for the following hours. If I were to be lucky then she would not deter my plan for the entire two weeks.

Keeping my voice calm and rather monotone I answered her. Knowing that I would probably have to answer the same question in various forms, I was prepared with many answers. Therefore, I decided to be succinct, “In the past, many times, but since the storm it will only be one. And before you wonder, the answer is yes, you are the only one. Mine.”

“Derek, just out of curiosity did you ever give Christa a neck massage?”

Ah, at least we came to the crux of the matter quickly this time. I made sure my hands continued to massage her temples and answered, “Jessika, at one point in time, many years ago, I was engaged to Christa - that was prior to my buying Castlewood. Now to make this quick we have known each other for over thirty years – we were engaged for six months. In that time we saved this company from a hostile purchase and had many lucrative business projects. We were great together in business and friendship. We found we preferred working with each other, rather than being engaged. Additionally, she hates neck massages and hated Castlewood, the few times she visited for business reasons. And business is the only reason she was ever here. The end.”

“Now I understand why she kept looking so oddly at me. Thanks for explaining.”

I was quite surprised that ended quickly but made sure to note that it would probably re-emerge by the end of the week, “Well, now that you are relaxed I suggest that you finish your bath and dress in the jeans, boots and jacket. Meet me downstairs in the Den. I need to show you the entire grounds of Castlewood and the stables. I laughed when she asked if that was it...just a neck massage? Grinning back at her I answered, “For this moment, yes, but you have my word of honor I shall finish it at a later date...within two weeks.”

Chapter 26

I was a tad confused with all of this - I didn't quite think I liked the new turn of events. I'd quite gotten used to a lifestyle here at Castlewood and one that didn't mimic what I'd had back home with others. I didn't refuse or ask questions - I was rather intrigued by what he wanted to show me at the stables and the grounds. I had thought that I'd seen the grounds but I was beginning to realize that although I'd now known him for a while that there were many facets to this man. I walked to the clothes and was glad it wasn't some tight pair of jeans that would cut circulation off at the waist when I bent to put on the boots. The jeans fit loose, but not baggy but the blouse was very form fitting and ended just at the waistline, which I didn't like. Then I noticed a note pinned to the pocket and read it. Laughing out loud I went to the closet. The note had said, "pet, this is a very nice shirt and would look great on you. But, I know you would rather one that is hanging in the closet." I picked out a denim shirt that was comfortable and about down to the hips! Looking in the mirror I smiled, since it wasn't form fitting but didn't look too big - I was comfortable.

Walking into the Den I caught my breath when I saw him! Lord was wearing a tight pair of black denim jeans, a black t-shirt, a silver western belt buckle on a brown leather belt, and a pair of Corral hand tooled leather boots. I'd know those boots anywhere as I'd always wanted a pair. I smiled at him and said, "Corral boots?"

I smiled at pet knowing that she would like the boots. It wasn't particularly difficult to know, since she had a picture of a pair from a magazine on her refrigerator. I gazed at her and nonchalantly said, "Ah, yes, the boots. I do believe they are as they are one of my favorites. I see you have on the boots I left for you. Now, as things seem to go with you if I had put out a pair of hand tooled boots you may not have wanted to wear them, is that not correct?"

I did have to laugh at her expression like I'd just grown two heads, so instead reaching in back of the couch I brought out a pair that I had made for her.

"Ah, I can see you can move very quickly when you like something. Pet had quite torn off the boots that she had on and was quickly putting on the new ones." Then staring down at them she asked, "Are these truly, truly, truly mine?"

When pet uses 3 words consecutively, of the same word, then it is urgent in her thoughts. I knew I had just told pet that they were hers, but by now I was used to when she didn't feel she deserved something it had to be repeated a number of times to her. "yes, yes, yes, yours, yours,

yours – there does that answer now suffice and let us now begin with a drive and then lastly the stables”

I was walking but kept looking at the boots, looking at Lord and finally we drove around the property. It was actually quite easy to drive once I realized the house was on a corner of the property and not in the middle. The road was completely around the square layout boundary lines back to the Castle then another road went almost to the middle and we were at the stables.

I was again in awe of what I viewed before me. It wasn't large but so beautiful. I was even more amazed when he said, at a future date we needed to buy horses and that I could choose them. It was small with four stalls, a tack room and a small office. The tack room was fairly big and complete with saddles, bridles, halters, pads, a small desk with books on horse training and care. Then I noticed Lord had a short riding crop in his hand, "Lord, I'd never use one of those on a horse!"

Walking to the tack room door Lord turned to me and smiled – then shutting the door, he bolted it. He walked back to the desk and again picked up the riding crop. Running his fingers over it he again placed it back on the desk. Turning to me he smiled, "*Neither would I...on a horse.*" The look in his gaze was pure lust - he walked toward me...or stalked toward me but his intent was clearly visible in his gaze.

Placing his large hands on my shoulders he whispered in my ear, "*pet, remove the jeans...put back on the boots, is that not clear?*"

I stared into his eyes, and simply said, "Boots."

At times pet seemed to go into a state where it took a few moments for her mind to mull over a directive. I repeated, "yes, jeans off...boots on, shirt on." She again repeated boots and shirt, but had unbuckled her belt - I patiently sat on the desk while she went about following my instructions. Before she could get confused what to do once my original directions were followed I added, "When you have quite accomplished only boots and shirt, please come over and stand directly in front of me. Again, she gazed at me and said, "Directly in front of you." At times I did wish to laugh - it seemed as if an echo was always with us, but I knew she would fret herself into oblivion - I wisely repeated, "Exactly correct, directly in front of me."

It did seem like forever. For someone that had put those boots on so quickly it seemed she was moving in slow motion - she was finally in front of me, with boots and shirt only. Taking the whip I explained that I had no intentions of using it in any odd ways, but run it over her flesh. I

placed it in back of her waist and grasping it on either end I pulled her closer until she was between my thighs locked against me. Bending towards her my lips met hers, in a slow but very long kiss. Longer...deeper my tongue enticed hers in a dual.

I had other things in mind for later. I held her tightly against me as my hand slipped lower. The whip was now lower, against her soft bottom, horizontal against her keeping her from moving backward. Kissing and touching her soft clit...she whimpered...I rubbed harder and soon she was moving against my fingers. She would move backward against the whip...I lightly let it smack her...she, of course, would moan in pleasure and move forward. Over and over it was repeated. Finally, I whispered, "Mine. Come for me." The intensity increased and she moved in abandon. I felt it build...peak...bring her over the edge of control into my possession. Dropping the whip I wrapped both arms around her...holding her tightly.

"pet, I think it would be best if we return to the house." I nearly laughed when she only repeated, "house."

Yes, pet, the house. I am going to put the whip where it belongs and I suggest you quickly get your jeans back on. Pet again repeated one word. I hoped by the time we returned to the house her vocabulary was back to full sentences. We had guests waiting.

Chapter 27

As we drove up to the house I said to Lord, "We have guests waiting?"

I was not very happy with his answer, "Yes, we have guests waiting. I will explain everything when we are alone tonight."

I was pleased that we'd driven around the property and had to admit that the stable was something I'd always wanted but never dreamed of actually being part of. I recognized the first car as belonging to Troy and was sure that Karlie would be with him. Then I realized the trunk of the other car was open and someone was taking things out. I could not see as we were driving around a curve but as soon as we drove closer I felt like I wanted to faint. No, I felt like I wanted to fight. No, I felt like I wanted to just scream. I sat frozen in the passenger seat not saying anything but I am sure Lord knew something was wrong, when he said, "I do realize this is not the guest you would want to have here, not even for the hour that is needed. What I do expect is that you handle it professionally as the owner of the company, and graciously as the hostess of Castlewood Manor."

I stared at him, “Hostess of Castlewood Manor. Me?”

I did always marvel how she reverted to sentences that made no sense. I repeated, “Yes, Hostess of Castlewood – you. Is that now understood? Professional – gracious?”

The car now pulled in next to her! That is the only thing that kept going through my head. Her, why of all the people that had to be here was it her? Of all the women I hated to see is her! HER!

Lord had already come around my side of the car and opened the door. He held his hand out to help me out and I held on to it like the ground was about to open and I’d fall into it.

I moved like a robot and heard him say, “*Jessika and I welcome you to Castlewood Manor. We were just taking a ride around our property to the new stables. Perhaps you would like to see them later?*”

I heard her answer him, but she didn’t make any eye contact with anyone, “I doubt that. I dislike horses. Jessika, you seem better than the last time I saw you. As I recall you were in a dead faint.” I did notice that she smiled when she said that, and she didn’t seem mean spirited.

I have no idea why I laughed, “Yes, I made quite an introduction to everyone, at the office. I hope I don’t repeat it again, but I make no promises.”

Krista smiled but then turning to Lord her smile left and she almost snarled at him, “Well, let’s get this visit over with...this place is too gothic for me. I expect vampires to fly down from the towers at night.”

Lord smiled, “*Krista, I did not realize you wished to stay for the flights. I am sure Jessika can confirm that indeed the tower holds odd things but nothing like bats, vampires, and it is quite safe. Jessika is that not true?*”

I was glad I was already going up the stairs - I could only answer, “Yes, safe.”

I heard Krista say to Lord, “Watch it smart ass. She’s using those two word sentences - last time she started doing that she fainted.”

With that the door opened and I was glad to see Karlie smiling and greeting us, “Hi Jessika, Troy is in the Den and we have coffee and hot chocolate already to be served. Jessika, not to worry about

anything I have everything ready.” Then Karlie whispered, “Not to worry – this is going to be fine – I’ll take care of most of the things.”

I’d no idea what she was speaking about. I’d no idea that we were having guests and I walked into the den to be handed a cup of hot chocolate by Troy, “Here ya go Jess. Derek said we were to have hot chocolate ready and waiting.” I took the cup and walked over to the couch. It was only a moment before we were all seated around the coffee table looking a dysfunctional meeting.

Karlie smiled at everyone and in a cheerful voice she said, “This is great that we could meet here. I am fully behind the new company. I’ve already spoken to Krista and she is fully behind the new company and we are ready to sign a long term agreement with advertising exclusively our new specialty product line with JTC Communications, isn’t that right Krista.”

Krista didn’t look very pleased but answered, “Yes, after due consideration and review my company will sign the agreement as Karlie has mentioned. I anticipate a long and fruitful relationship.”

She looked at Derrick when she said last sentence and he laughed, “*Do not look at me, Krista. The long fruitful relationship is not my company. I have had to take out a similar agreement with Troy and Jessika. Krista has put together very affordable advertising that will benefit not only her company but yours and mine. I do think it is a good market for it and I do think it shall benefit all of us.*”

Krista looked over at me, “Well, Jessika, since you’re are a major part of JTC being the J in the name, do you have anything to add, how my investment will be handled?”

Krista didn’t even let me start to answer when quickly Karlie interjected, “This quick meeting is just to get the agreement in place and at the next one Troy and Jessika will present their plans.”

Krista didn’t smile, “You expect me to sign a long term agreement when the person that is in charge has not said more than two word sentences?”

I interjected, “I don’t feel it would be prudent to waste your time with market mumbo jumbo and to give a warm huggy feeling when we both know JTC was put together without my knowing. What I can tell you is that I don’t fail. I believe in win-win with me being the win prior to the hyphen. I will bring your product to the forefront of everyone’s knowledge and it will be purchased. Whether it gets purchased twice by the same person depends on how good it is - that is the part you control.”

Krista laughed and smiled, “Well, when you say more than two words you can really hold your own. I can see my assessment of you was wrong, but then by the look on Derrick’s face he never realized you can be quite assertive on your own behalf. Well done. And with that I am taking my leave of this party – hand me the pen so I can get the hell out of this gloomy house or Stone Castle or whatever you two call it.”

She signed, got up, turned to Derrick and before leaving said, “It’s a pleasure to see you’re still an idiot, but somehow caught a smart woman. Odd, but then again, maybe she’s into rescue of antiques.” With that she walked out.

Troy finally said something, but he was laughing so hard it was difficult to understand him - Karlie was also laughing, until she finally repeated, “Troy don’t start calling your brother an antique. He does speak, at times, like he’s from an older century, but it’s quite charming, isn’t it Jessika?”

Derrick interrupted, “Can we please not speak, as if I am in a different room, much less a different century. Yes, Jessika can quite give her opinion when she finally wants to. Karlie, would it be an inconvenience if you stayed on up here and worked with Troy.”

Karlie and Troy were standing up getting papers together. “Derrick, I’m not letting Troy out of my sight again. We’re going to make sure we can make this distance work, by splitting time here and back down the coast.”

My head felt like today was a whirlwind and too much had happened in one day. Between taking a bath, and then driving around the property and then the meeting, it was all too much. I smiled and sipped my hot chocolate and was very glad that Karlie had put all of this together. I still didn’t like Krista, but could work with her, as long as it was not too frequent. Derrick had seen them to the door and I heard them saying they would see us in the morning for breakfast. I thought that it was so odd that suddenly we not only had guests, but someone else would be in the house for breakfast. Things move so quickly at times, and I needed to think through all that was happening, and figure out what to do.

I could see that she was trying to figure out what to do and that this all had moved to quickly for her. She did like to mull things over...and over...and then mull it again, write it down over and over in different ways...make charts of her mulling. At times I could not fathom how she ever came to conclusions - but she had always made the right decisions.

I held out my hand to her, “Let us retire upstairs – shall we?”

I smiled when she took my hand, smiled at me and only said, “Yes, upstairs.” Only my pet, needed two words to convey it all...Mine.

Chapter 28

I wasn't sure what upstairs ever really meant, other than climbing this beautiful staircase that then curved to the right, and curved to the left. I now realized that the left was then branched off to two hallways, one to the South Wing. The right held another staircase then a long hall and then the staircase to the upper floors and tower.

We were now standing on the landing at the top of the staircase and I stopped waiting for Lord to go to the right or the left, when he said, *“Jessika, to the right or to the left, tonight shall be your choice of direction.”*

I wasn't sure which direction that I really felt I wished to turn. I wanted to feel the sensations of the Tower - being stretched and shackled and having him owning my body and mind. I wanted to be back in the new bedroom that seemed as if it was created only for me. I also wished I didn't feel like I was crazy trying to choose between chains or a soft pillow. I thought that I would try and compare the two directions but kept getting confused on the thought of pillow v. shackles. I didn't want to appear to Lord as if I didn't always want the Tower but then I didn't want to appear like I was some crazed woman craving domination all the time.

Turning to him I stated, “Lord, it has been a very odd day, it has been a very long day. We have guests for breakfast.” I gazed at him for his reaction to my decision.

He smiled when he answered, “Ah, she picks a direction, of right or left, and so clearly states what direction is meant. Let me see if I understand within that sentence let us turn right, or let us turn left, is that not correct?”

I smiled, “Yes, exactly – I'm so glad you agree and did not wish a different direction.”

Lord grinned, “I see, well then, off you go and I shall follow behind you.”

I didn't move because I wasn't sure which direction he thought that I'd be going. I didn't want to choose the wrong one, if he had already thought I was going to go one way, and then I started the wrong way.

I noticed him smiling and waiting for me to start walking, so I mentioned, “Lord, isn’t it proper for you to take lead, since this is your home and you are Master of the Castle?”

I didn’t expect him to start laughing and after a few moments he answered, *“Ah, she is going to logic me into making the decision. Actually, it was up to you to move toward the right or the left. Or, up to you, to move toward the bedroom, or toward the tower. Since, you are standing more toward the left, then you are toward the right, we shall retire to the bedroom and save the tower and other rooms for tomorrow. Is that not the correct choice?”*

I smiled and walking toward the left set of stairs answered, “I believe under the circumstances of the day, and tomorrow morning, that you have indeed made the best decision. I would have also been fine, if you had wished to go toward the opposite direction.” I heard Lord chuckle and answer, *“Yes, I could see that you were quite running toward that direction.”*

I did truly not mind if we had gone to the right and to the tower, but I was confused from the past events. I was tired.

Lord smiled at me - walking ahead of me he held out his hand, *“Come, let us go to our room, on the left, but this will be the next room down from the one you were in.”*

Chapter 29

Slowly we made our way to the left wing. It was not that I was hesitant but that pet seemed to be relaxing with the slow movement. Therefore, I felt it best to proceed slowly. At the door I noticed the slightest questioning in her eyes, since we had moved past the bedroom that she had always occupied – we walked toward the next set of doors. Smiling at her, I opened the door, but as she went to walk past me I swept her into my embrace. Holding her tightly to my chest I whispered, “I have been very impressed and proud of how you have handled all the issues that you have dealt with, without any notice. You are indeed a person of extreme personal and professional qualities.” Her return hug and whispered thank you was extremely welcome. When she next gazed into my eyes it held no questions.

We entered the room and before she could ask, I answered her next question, “There is no rush for anything, first I have a gift for you to wear” Handing her a box wrapped in blue and lavender paper I asked her to put on what was inside the box.. I enjoyed her smile at the colors of the tissue paper that wrapped my gift. I knew she would prefer the soft tissue paper on the outside, as well as the gift that it held in secret.

She walked toward the bathroom and I smiled, “Yes, opening the gift in private is fine.” I knew she would love the gift and would be quite surprised. I was wondering when she would ask about the room we were now in, and knew it would not take long for her to ask questions.

There were so many questions that I wanted to ask. This room was everything that I’d dreamed of, if I were going to design a room specifically for me. The colors were oddly what I loved. Covering the windows were drapes, made of whisper soft gauze material, in soft lavender and white hues. They seemed elegant, soft in the light breeze, as they quietly and slowly swayed. As I walked to the bathroom I realized music was playing, every so softly, from two small speakers attached to the ceiling on opposite walls. I gazed over at Lord wanting to ask him how he knew that *Stars* by Helen Jane Long was the most relaxing music that I listened to. Opening the door to the bathroom I was more shocked at the scent of lavender and vanilla from the candles that were burning. They were in beautiful holders...a bronze unicorn...a bronze princess, both statues of elegance and a beautiful horse snow globe, adorned the bath area. A bubble bath, ready to step into, was waiting prepared with special bath salts. I wondered how this had been done, when I’d only decided which direction to take on the stairs. But, I had a beautifully wrapped present to open...I glanced at the gift and sat down on a small stool.

The wrapping was so pretty, that I didn’t want to ruin it. I removed the tissue paper, very carefully, so I wouldn’t tear the delicate paper. Folding it in perfect lines I made sure to place the paper where it would stay dry. Then opening the box the gift inside quite took my breath away. I held it up and turned to the full length mirror. Holding it against me, as if I was wearing it, I gazed at my reflection in the mirror. I smiled at myself in the mirror and said out loud, “I look beautiful”. It was just perfect....soft...delicate...blues, greens, lavenders. It was magical to me and the most beautiful nightgown I ever owned. I wanted to put it on, but gently placed it on the stool and stepped into the bubble bath.

For a moment I wondered how long Lord meant I could relax but as the warm water began to warm my body I leaned back and relax. It was a few moments later I opened my eyes and swirled the lavender scented water. It was a relaxing mix of oils: lavender, ylang ylang, and chamomile. Three candles were lit and I realized the scent was also relaxing. I was surrounded in scents, bubbles, and oils...all my favorites down to the lavender/vanilla soap. It seemed as if I was bathing in slow motion. Slowly, each circular motion of the washcloth over my neck...shoulders...breasts, brought sensations of relaxation, as well as wanting Lord.

Finally stepping from the bath and drying off I finished by finding, on the counter, Alyssa Ashley Musk body lotion. It was as if Lord had everything I needed and that I loved brought to this room.

I wondered what would be next.

CHAPTER 29

It had been quite a length of time until Jessika appeared wearing the nightgown that I had given her. She looked as beautiful, as I knew that she would. I had never spent that length of time choosing one. One was too short, one she would think too tight, one she would think too baggy and that I had purchased it to hide her body. Finally, I called a seamstress and had it made specifically to her measurements, based upon on her jeans and other clothing. This, of course, I would never tell her or she would think I could not find anything that would fit her.

Smiling at her since she did look quite ravishing I said, “Ah, there you are. Come sit on my lap and kiss me.”

She gave me one of her confused looks and answered, “Kiss you?” I still marveled at how even a simple sentence she would repeat back, using it as a question – one would think that I just had asked her for a scientific equation.

I smiled, “Yes, it is two words and I shall spell them for you k-i-s-s is the first word. M-e is the second. Actually it is a very simple request, is it not?”

Then I heard the laugh that I had come to love - she dashed over to me - she came to a full stop in front of me like a deer in headlights. Ah, I thought here is the issue. Pet, as always, would let her fears, hang-ups, and many issues bubble to the surface. Rather than have her stress how to sit on my lap, I moved over and patted the cushion next to me. She quickly sat down. It was not quite what I had in mind, but was closer than her standing in front of me stressing with a look of pure fear. Now back to what I had wanted. “I have a request that you slide closer, turn and place your legs over mine, but stay seated on the cushion.” I could quite tell that my solution was not pleasing. Pet looked down and whispered, “I guess I would be too heavy on your lap?”

I marveled at my own patience with her, since that is what she would think and it would be the same as kissing a statue – pet tended to go stiff statue whenever thinking she was, as she called it – heavy.

“No, that is not the reason. I was requesting it so it is more comfortable for both of us and I can push you back easier when I want you prone to ravish. Now, is that understood? Will you now get into the position I requested? Or do we need to have a further discussion?”

At times I was quite amazed at how one moment pet can be in one position and in the next moment be in the position I requested. Not wasting more time I placed my hand on the nape of her neck and slowly brought her lips to mine. I felt her hands touch my shoulders...heard her soft moan of submission and felt the overwhelming sense of MINE move over my body and soul. I had never met a woman I wanted to own body and soul and have her own me in the same manner. MINE – Always she would be MINE!

I had no intention of rushing the moment. I had no intention of rushing the entire night. My hands gently roamed over her back...feeling the softness of the nightgown. It was as delicate and soft as I had hoped. Pulling my head back I stopped our kiss and smiled, “Tonight I have an odd request for you, but it is something I feel that I want for tonight. Tonight I wish for us to kiss and sleep, no more, no less...is that agreed upon?”

I watched a myriad of expressions and knew before she stated it that it would culminate to the questions, “I understand your odd request and that you wish it and want it, no more and no less and is something amiss?”

I hugged her to me and whispered, “No, everything is perfect, is it not? And is it agreed?”

I could feel her lips kissing my neck – without permission – but tonight is open to anything and when she whispered, “yes, agreed and kissing and then sleep, no more, no less, and it is very agreed upon.”

I agreed that tonight would be what ever happened and it was odd that I could do as I wished. If I wasn't so exhausted I could picture kissing him all night. His lips were soft yet hard and demanding. His arms always like steel bands when they wrapped around me but felt so safe and comforting. This man I met under the oddest of circumstance I was madly in love with and all he was and all he wanted from me. Although his request tonight was odd I would follow whatever he wanted.

His lips were slowly making a path down over my throat and my collar bone. He seemed to take delight in nipping then kissing...slowly lower...lower until I gasped as his teeth found the soft flesh of my breast. Pleasure rippled through me and a slow burning need for this man. Never had I felt the

need to be wanted or the need to belong to one man. I was surprised as he trailed his lips the same path. Then as he whispered in my ear, “My pet, you love me, is that not correct?” Without thinking or pausing to take a breath I whispered, “Yes, I love you, as I have never loved anyone nor will I ever love again.” I was frightened that I had babble too much and didn’t answer the question but added information. “I may have added more than the question, needed.”

Yes, pet, always did have difficulty with adding more than an answer and I knew if I didn’t make her feel secure, she would feel the need to add more and more trying to answer one simple question. “You have answered quite magnificently, now rest.”

I felt safe. I felt protected. I felt owned and loved. I was sleepy but then suddenly a fear came over me so great that I quickly asked, “Lord, is something wrong? Is this a night to remember or some such since something is wrong and it will not happen again? Am I missing something and thinking this is special but not realizing it is special because of a reason, I missed?”

“Yes, but it is not from anything that you have missed. You cannot miss what I have not imparted. There is nothing that you need to fear, only know tomorrow will be special. All is well, and now you should relax.” It seemed hours before pet finally slept and even in her sleep I knew her mind was not resting. After her tossing and turning for hours I realized rest would not be hers not knowing anything about tomorrow.

The mantle clock was chiming midnight, at times it is best to go by a different schedule – I gently woke her.

CHAPTER 30

I was having nightmares while sleeping so I was actually quite happy that Lord woke me. I thought that he woke me since I must have been yelling in my sleep but then realized the nightstand lamps were on, not only on his side of the bed. He must have woken and turned on mine, now I was worried.

“Lord, is something wrong! Oh no, something is wrong. I knew it before I went to sleep and I didn’t help, I just went to sleep. What is wrong?”

Odd, but he didn’t look worried, which made me worry even more. Actually, he was smiling and he appeared very relaxed so I only said, “I am going to be quiet so you can speak and please tell me why you woke me.”

“Pet, we have been through many days and nights. We have been through many business meetings. I have given my lifestyle much thought and believe it is the correct one for me. For

you, I believe your life was changed the moment you knocked on the door to Castlewood. You had a comfortable lifestyle, with your career and friends. You were quite content and happy.”

I stopped speaking since although I was holding pet, she suddenly was quite cold, stiff, and starting to shiver. I thought something had happened and said quite loudly, “ARE YOU OKAY?”

I knew it. He wanted to wait until tomorrow to ask me to leave. He couldn’t wait so he woke me to pack! I didn’t want to hear how he was doing this for my good. I have always hated when people want to leave but it is for your good. I had pride so I answered, “Oh, I am fine, I was just concentrating on what you were saying. It seems quite urgent so I was giving my full attention to all you are saying. Since it seems important I am making sure I listen to what you are saying. It must be important if you woke me so I am making very, very, sure I am awake and listening to what you are saying. I..”

Lord, broke into my speaking and I realized I was saying the same thing in various ways.

“Please, I know when you are stressed and this was not in any manner, nor intention to stress you. As this is not going very well, I feel it would be best to cut to the chase, so to speak. It would be best if I sit in the chair and you read a note under your pillow.”

I blurted out, “You wrote me a note how this is for my own good?” I watched him laugh, stand up and move to his chair. “I am sorry, Lord, but I am not going to look under the pillow, you will just have to tell me, straight out, I can honestly take it. Just go ahead and blurt it out.”

I gazed at her and if I truly did not love her I may have at that moment wanted to laugh.

“You wish me to just blurt it out. You can take it. Is that not correct? You wish blurt?” I almost laughed at her stoic look of thinking a punch was coming and she would withstand the storm. She did answer she wanted me to just blurt it out.

“Marry me.” She answered, “I think I deserve a second chance, at least!” Obviously my blurt and her ears were not synchronized

“I shall give you a second chance – MINE – Marry me? Not break up – Marry. That means you are not leaving, I am not asking you to leave.”

She answered, “You want me to marry you? In the real sense of the word marry you?”

This was not going very well. This was now making less sense than she usually makes when she is confused.

“I do not wish to discuss this any further, until you read the note under the pillow. Until such time I am going to read a book!”

I reached under the pillow and found the note and read it:

Mine – Have you figured it out - I asked you to marry me? If not there is a small box under my pillow that has the engagement ring. Karlie and Troy will be over for dinner in anticipation of your saying yes.”

I read the note about ten times and I wasn't sure how much time had gone by, but I heard his voice break into my thoughts, *“I have read the same page four times. I am going to assume that since you are smiling that the answer is yes, is that not correct, pet, and Jessika?”*

I smiled and simply answered, “yes, Lord and Derrick. You most certainly are correct, accurate, it is truly....”

I felt it best at that point to kiss her and put a stop to babble. There would be years of babble to come - I only answered her, “MINE” – I opened the box, slid the ring on her finger and finally I could see she realized forever – MINE.

Finalized July 2015 – I have truly loved this story and have wanted to finish it for about three years! I felt now it must be finished and I know they will live happily ever after! ldyjessika@aol.com

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